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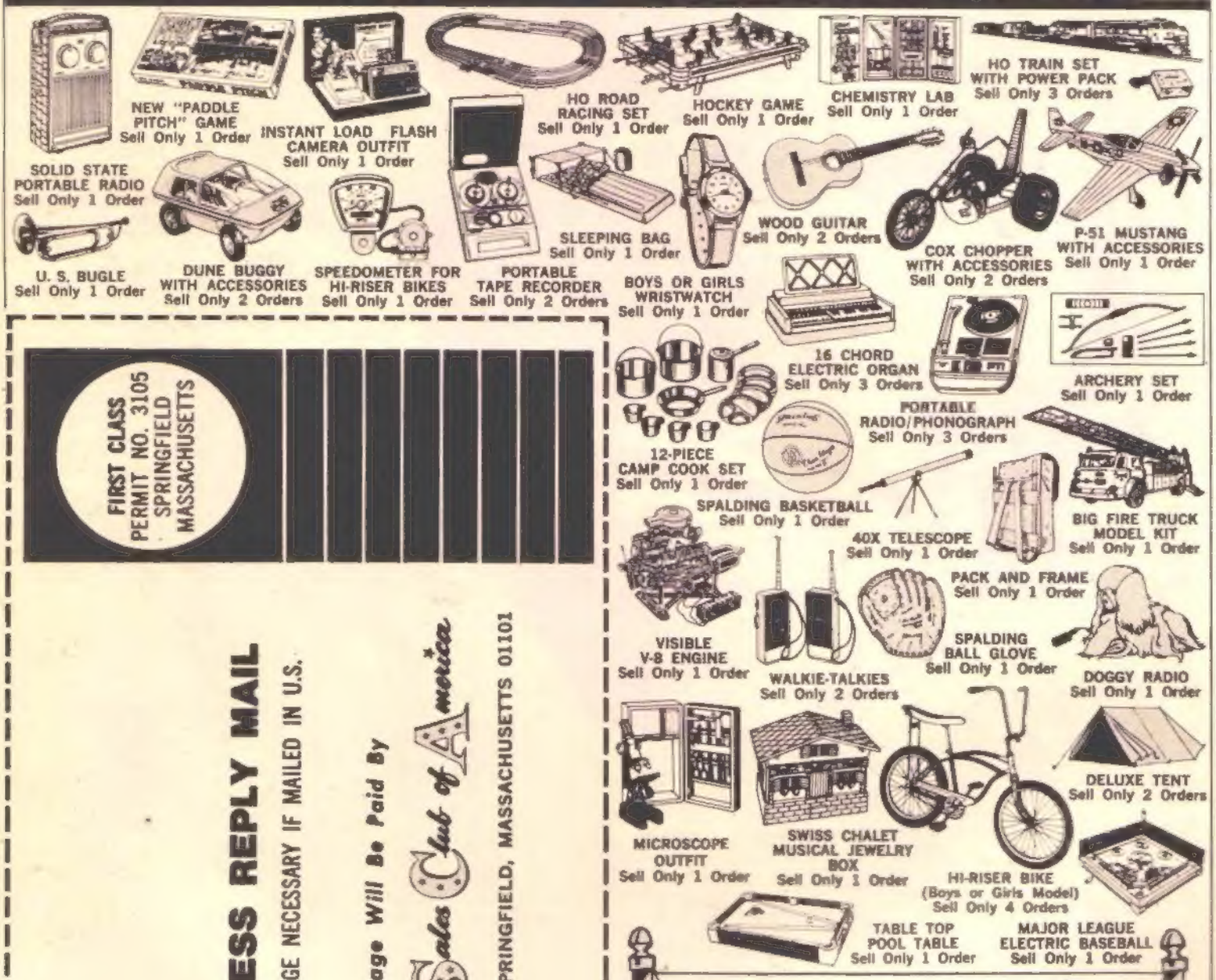

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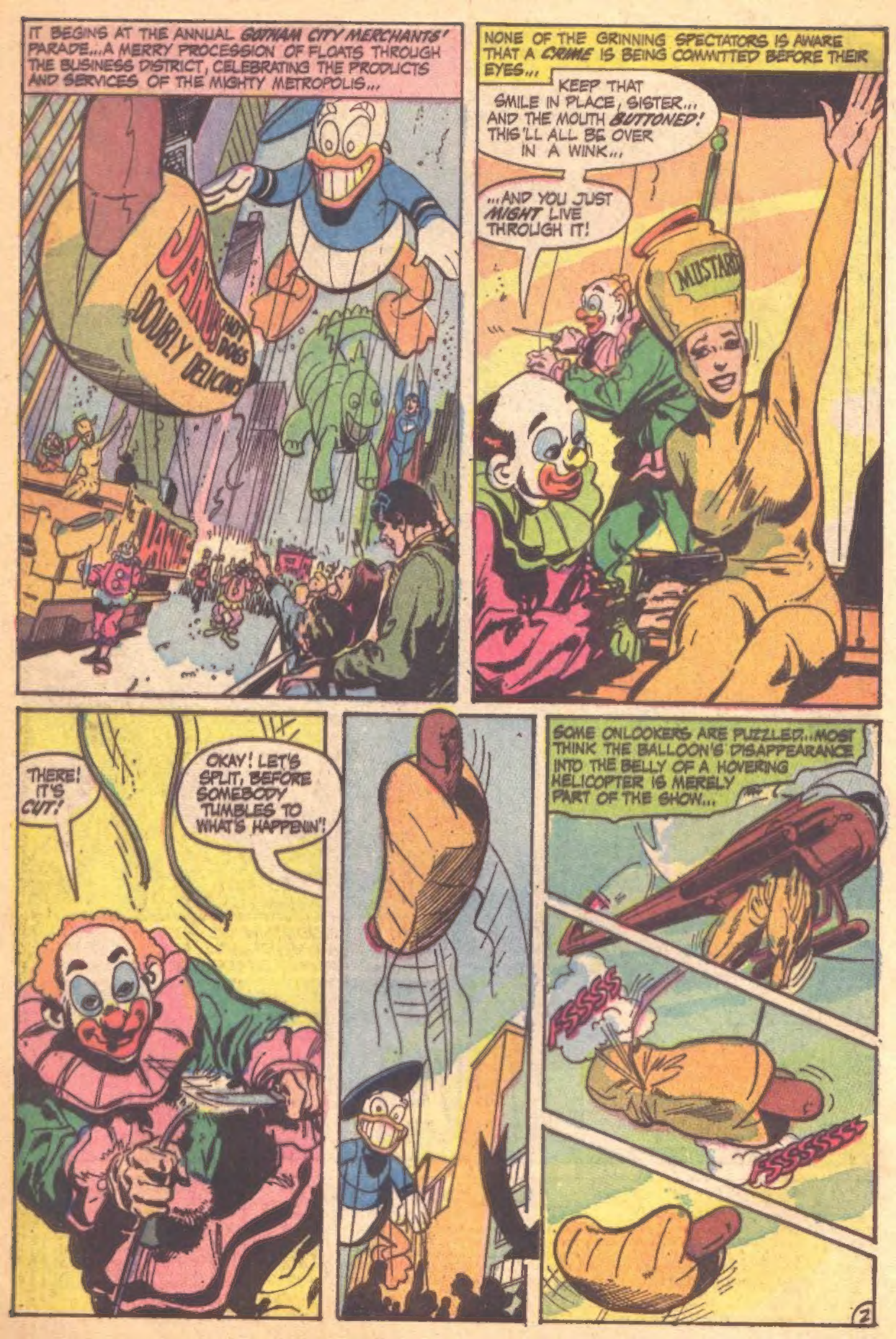

IT BEGINS AT THE ANNUAL GOTHAM CITY MERCHANTS' PARADE...A MERRY PROCESSION OF FLOATS THROUGH THE BUSINESS DISTRICT, CELEBRATING THE PRODUCTS AND SERVICES OF THE MIGHTY METROPOLIS...
DOUBLY DELICIOUS
HOT DOGS
NONE OF THE GRINNING SPECTATORS IS AWARE THAT A CRIME IS BEING COMMITTED BEFORE THEIR EYES...
KEEP THAT SMILE IN PLACE, SISTER... AND THE MOUTH BUTTONED! THIS'LL ALL BE OVER IN A WINK...
...AND YOU JUST MIGHT LIVE THROUGH IT!
MUSTARD
THERE! IT'S CUT!
OKAY! LET'S SPLIT, BEFORE SOMEBODY TUMBLES TO WHAT'S HAPPENIN'!
SOME ONLOOKERS ARE PUZZLED...MOST THINK THE BALLOON'S DISAPPEARANCE INTO THE BELLY OF A HOVERING HELICOPTER IS MERELY PART OF THE SHOW...
FSSSSS
FSSSSSSSS
2

THAT NIGHT, A FAMILIAR SHAPE APPEARS ON THE STARLESS NIGHT-SKY-A SILENT CALL FOR THE BATMAN!

AND INSIDE THE OFFICE OF POLICE COMMISSIONER GORDON, A CERTAIN PUBLIC SERVANT IS WAVING HIS ARMS... AND SCREECHING JUST A BIT--
I DO NOT UNDERSTAND WHY YOU FEEL COMPELLED TO SUMMON THAT... THAT MASKED BLACKGUARD!
BECAUSE, MR. REEVES, THE THEFT OF A FRANKFURTER-SHAPED HELIUM BALLOON IS AN UNUSUAL CRIME... TO SAY THE LEAST!
AND THE UNUSUAL IS THE SPECIALTY OF THE BATMAN!

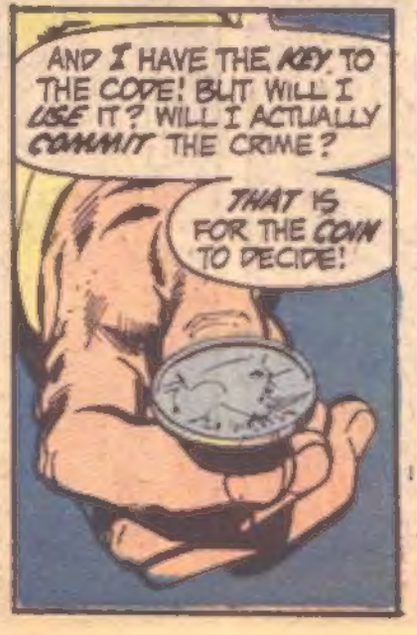
WELL, I HOPE HE SHOWS UP-- THAT'S ALL! I'M TIRED OF HIS MEDDLING IN CITY AFFAIRS...
I MAY DECIDE TO SEE HOW TOUGH HE REALLY IS! AN ARTHUR REEVES LEFT... FOLLOWED BY A REEVES RIGHT!

...I'LL TAKE HIM DOWN A PEG OR TWO... OWH!

BOO!

YOU CALLED ME ABOUT THAT ODD ROBBERY THIS AFTERNOON, COMMISSIONER!
YES...IT SEEMED TO BE YOUR SORT OF CASE! ANY IDEAS?
A DIM ONE, SIR! SO UNLIKELY IT'S HARDLY WORTH MENTIONING!
COMMISSIONER! THE ALARM AT THE NAUTICAL MUSEUM IS RINGING!
HAVE MY CAR BROUGHT TO THE FRONT DOOR!
COME ON, BATMAN! I'LL DRIVE YOU...
YOU HAVE YOUR TRANSPORTATION... AND I HAVE MINE! SEE YOU THERE!
BANG
BANG
BANG
BARE MINUTES LATER...
THE GUARDS ARE SHOOTING AT THE GETAWAY CAR...AND NOT DOING MUCH GOOD!
THEY'RE DUMB CROOKS... SHOWING THEMSELVES ON THE STREET! UNLESS...
...THEY PLANNED ON BEING SEEN!... TO DIVERT THE GUARDS FROM WHERE THE REAL ACTION IS... INSIDE!
YES...THERE'S A FLASHLIGHT MOVING IN THE NEXT GALLERY!
WILL YOU GET IT IN GEAR? THIS JOINT GIVES ME THE CREEPY-CRAWLIES!
GO CHEW YOUR TONGUE! I GOT THE JUNK WE WAS SENT FOR!
EXACTLY WHAT JUNK, FUNNY-FACE?

THE BATMAN?
DON'T GAB... BLAST HIM!
NOT LIKELY!
THE OTHER ONE--PITCHING A SMOKE-GRENADE! THEY'RE WELL-EQUIPPED FOR COMMON RIP-OFF ARTISTS!
SSSSSSSSS
UH!...
I'VE GOT TO COUNT THE GRENADE-TOSSER AS A DEAD LOSS... NO WAY OF FOLLOWING HIM THROUGH THE FUMES!
BUT THIS CHARMER ISN'T GOING ANYWHERE... EXCEPT INTO A ROOM OF FRESH AIR!
WAK
STAY BACK, BATMAN... OR SO HELP ME, I'LL SCRAMBLE YOUR BRAINS! I DON'T WANNA MIX WITH YOU--!
JUST...KEEP AWAY!
NO NEED TO GET UPSET!...
...YOU'RE NO DANGER--NONE AT ALL!
5



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WILL THE EXPERIMENT SUCCEED? IT'S UP TO YOU WHEN YOU BUILD YOUR MONSTERSCENES CUSTOM BUILDER KITS FROM **AURORA**

THE COIN HAS DECIDED! THE EVIL PART OF MY NATURE WINS... AND SO TWO-FACE MUST STRIKE!
AS THE BELLS OF GOTHAM CITY TOLL MIDNIGHT, WEALTHY SOCIALITE BRUCE WAYNE STANDS ON THE BALCONY OF HIS PENTHOUSE, CONFERRING WITH HIS BUTLER, ALFRED...
A KNOTTY PROBLEM, MASTER BRUCE?
WORSE, ALFRED! I SUSPECTED THAT OUR OLD ENEMY TWO-FACE WAS BEHIND THE BALLOON THEFT...
...HE COULDN'T RESIST THE SLOGAN ON THE FLOAT—"DOUBLY DELICIOUS!" OR THE NAME "JANUS"... THE TWO-FACED ROMAN GOD!
ARE YOU SURE, SIR? ISN'T TWO-FACE STILL IN JAIL?
HE ESCAPED... SEVERAL MONTHS AGO! HOW COULD ANY JAIL HOPE TO HOLD A MAN SO CLEVER AND DEVIOUS AS HARVEY?
TSSSSS
"REMEMBER, ALFRED, HOW TWO-FACE CAME TO BE? HOW MANY YEARS AGO WAS IT WHEN THAT TWO-BIT GANGSTER HURTLED A VIAL OF ACID INTO THE FACE OF GOTHAM'S MOST BRILLIANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY, HARVEY DENT..."

WHAT A MAD AND DIABOLICAL CHASE HE LED *ROBIN* AND *ME* WHEN HIS HALF-RUINED FACE TWISTED HIS MIND TOWARD CRIME..."

"IT WAS ONLY THANKS TO MODERN METHODS OF PLASTIC SURGERY THAT THE PERSONALITY OF HARVEY DENT WAS BROUGHT BACK FROM THE EDGE OF MADNESS..."

"ONCE AGAIN HE RE-ENTERED LAWFUL SOCIETY AND SPENT HIS ENERGIES ON THE SIDE OF JUSTICE...UNTIL ONE UNHOLY DAY HARVEY ATTEMPTED TO STOP A ROBBERY..."

ALL RIGHT, YOU TWO! STAND WHERE YOU ARE--!

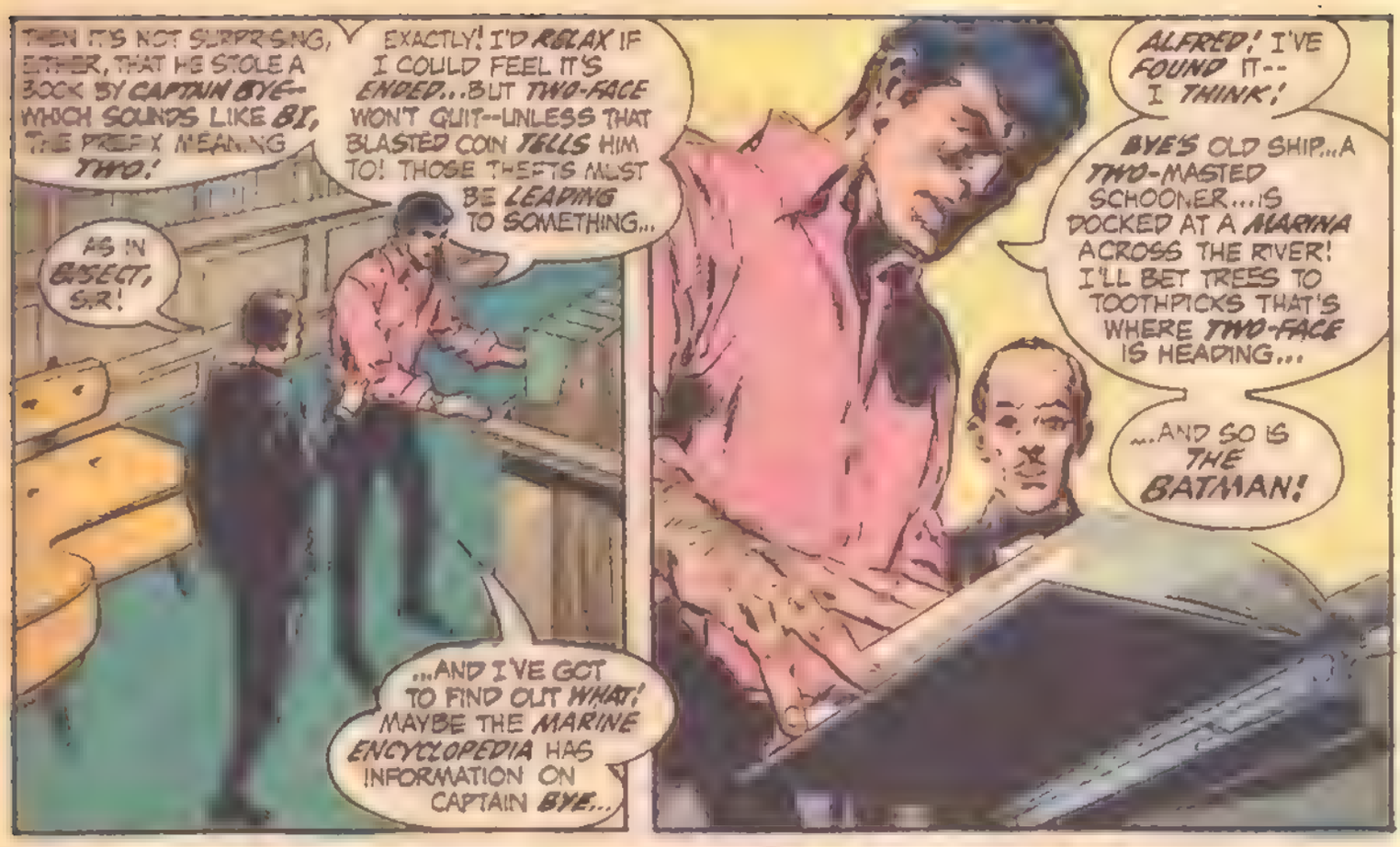
SO INTENT WAS HE ON CAPTURING THE THIEVES, HE FAILED TO SPOT THE SPUTTERING FUSE THEY HAD SET..."

BLAM

"IT WASN'T UNTIL HE STAGGERED HOME AND LOOKED INTO A MIRROR THAT THE FULL EXTENT OF HIS TRAGEDY TOOK HOLD OF HIS MIND ONCE AGAIN..."

THE PLASTIC SURGERY! IT'S *ALL* BEEN UNDONE! IT CAN NEVER BE REPAIRED THIS TIME! I'M DOOMED TO REMAIN *TWO-FACE... FOREVER...*

TWO-FACE... FOREVER!



A SLEEK ROADSTER CUTS THROUGH THE DARKNESS, ACROSS A MAMMOTH BRIDGE...

...AND HURTLES ONTO A PIER FRONTING ONE OF GOTHAM'S TWIN RIVERS!

MY GUESS WAS GOOD! THE OLD SCHOONER'S BEEN CUT LOOSE...IT'S DRIFTING INTO THE CURRENT!

...AND THOSE THUGS MUST BE TWO-FACE'S NEW PLAYMATES!

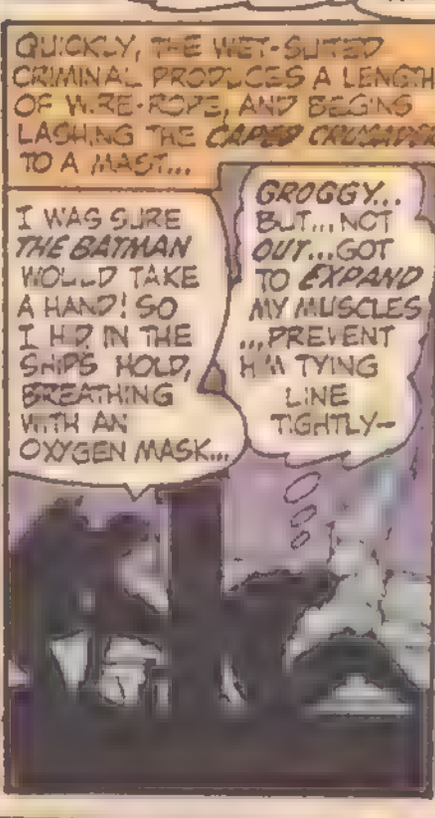
THAT CAR AIN'T ONE OF OURS!
PROB'LY THE HEAT! GIVE IT TO 'EM!
HE CAN'T SEE... HE'S FIRING AT WHERE HE FIGURES I AM! THE AUTOMATIC PILOT-TYPE CONTROLS IN THAT MODEL BAT-MOBILE ARE PRECISION PERFECT!
I'VE BEEN IN THIS SITUATION TOO OFTEN TO DO THE OBVIOUS!
AYIEEEE
BRAKATAK
NUMBER TWO'S GETTING INTO THE ACT! THIS CALLS FOR A SUBTERRANEAN ATTACK!
CHOK

THE SHIP HASN'T REACHED SWIFT WATER YET... DRIFTING SLOWLY!
I SHOULD BE ABLE TO SWIM TO IT...
AN EXPLOSION--?!
BLAGOOM
THE ANCIENT VESSEL LISTS, SHUDDERS, SINKS!
RUNS WITH ASTONISHMENT, THE BATMAN TURNS, HIS MIND SEEKING... DESPERATELY SEEKING!...
IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE-- NONE! WHY WOULD TWO-FACE GO TO ALL THAT TROUBLE... STAGE THE THEFT OF A SHIP...
...AND THEN SINK HIS PRIZE?!
GOT TO CONCENTRATE... CONSIDER ALL FACTORS OF THE CASE--AND COME UP WITH AN ANSWER!
THE FACTS ARE IN...AND THERE IS A SOLUTION! HAVE YOU DEDUCED TWO-FACE'S' INTENTION?

MEET NOW, BILLY THE TRAMP... HAVING AN EARLY MORNING NAP IN A BACKWATER BAY SOUTH OF GOTHAM. HE'S HAD A HARD NIGHT, BILLY HAS--
BUT NOT NEARLY AS HARD AS HIS MORNING WILL BE! FOR THE TOP-MAST OF A SHIP POKES ABOVE THE BAY NEAR HIS HEAD...
...AND...
NEARBY, THE BATMAN LURKS...
RIGHT ON TIME! THE TIDE-CHARTS SHOWED THAT IF A FLOATING OBJECT WERE SUNK NEAR THE PIER WHERE I COOLED TWO-FACE'S HENCHMEN...
...BUT NOT ENTIRELY SUNK--IT WOULD DRIFT HERE!
TWO-FACE HASN'T ARRIVED YET! I'LL BE WAITING FOR HIM WHEN HE DOES!
AND ON HIS WAY TO JAIL, I'LL EXPLAIN THAT I DEDUCED WHY HE NEEDED A BIG BALLOON--
--TO PUT IN THE HOLD OF THIS TUB, RIGGED TO INFLATE AFTER A PROPER INTERVAL!
--TO RAISE IT IN A QUIET COVE WHERE HE CAN WORK UNDISTURBED!

EH? WHO THE DEUCE IS THAT IN THE RIGGING? LOOKS LIKE A HOBO! HOW IN THE NAME OF ALL THAT'S HOLY DID HE GET THERE?

KAK!
I'LL HAUL HIM DOWN...
I DON'T WANT ANY DISTRACTIONS WHEN THE FIREWORKS BEGIN... UNNNGH!


QUICKLY, THE WET-SUITED CRIMINAL PRODUCES A LENGTH OF WIRE-ROPE, AND BEGINS LASHING THE CAPED CRUSADER TO A MAST...
I WAS SURE THE BATMAN WOULD TAKE A HAND! SO I HID IN THE SHIP'S HOLD, BREATHING WITH AN OXYGEN MASK...
GROGGY... BUT... NOT OUT... GOT TO EXPAND MY MUSCLES ... PREVENT HIM TYING LINE TIGHTLY--

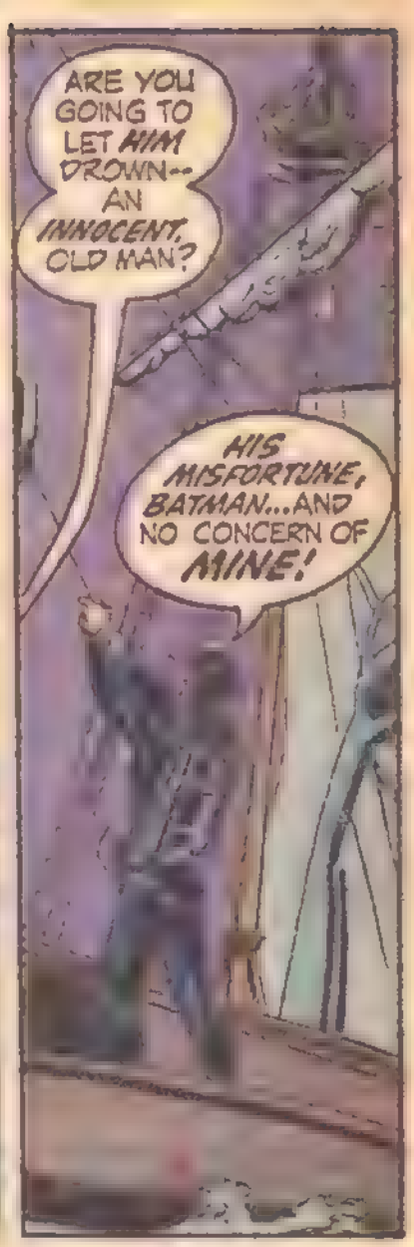
DON'T PRETEND YOU'RE NOT AWARE, OLD FOE! I WANT YOU TO SEE-- HOW YOU'LL DIE! UGLY, YOU'LL DIE... UGLY AS THE ACCIDENT THAT MADE ME A FREAK!

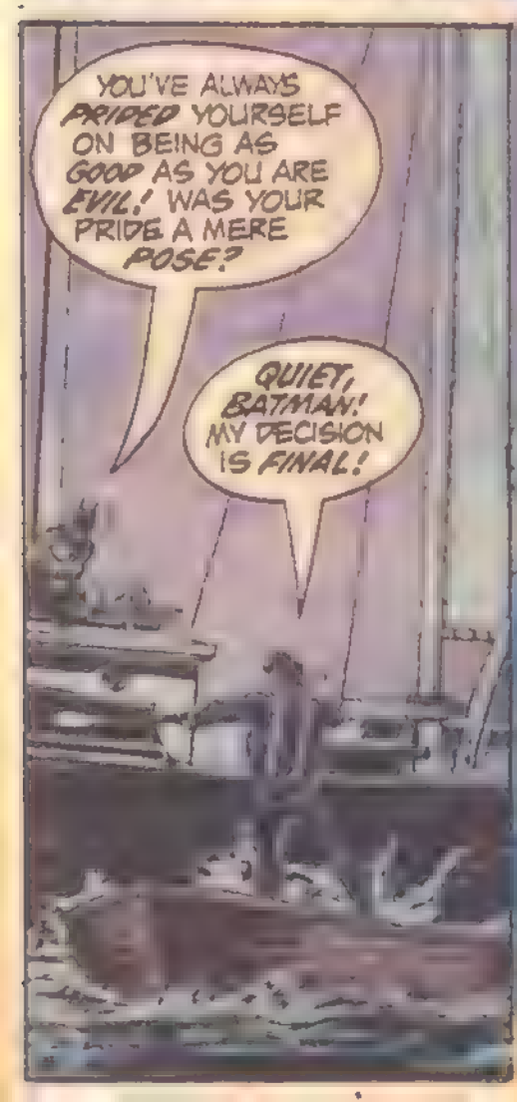
I PUT A HOT EMBER TO THE BALLOON WHICH HELD THIS SCOW AFLOAT ONCE--AND FOR THE SECOND TIME...
PAWOO!

.. AND WHILE THE GAS ESCAPES, I SMASH AWAY THIS MOULDING...

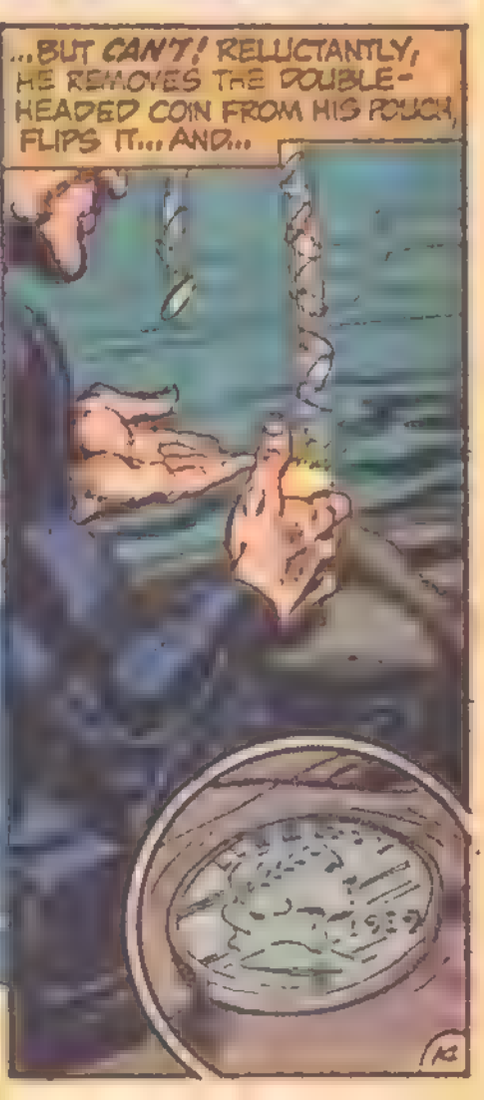
BEHOLD, A FORTUNE IN GOLD COMES SPILLING... GOLD DOUBLOONS, JUST AS CAPTAIN BYE'S DIARY PROMISED!

HAVING FILLED HIS SACK, TWO-FACE WHIRLS TO A LIFEBOAT, AND...
WITHIN MOMENTS, THIS SCOW WILL HAVE SUNK...TAKING A BATMAN WITH IT!
NOT ONLY ME! LOOK-- UP IN THE RIGGING!


ARE YOU GOING TO LET HIM DROWN-- AN INNOCENT, OLD MAN?
HIS MISFORTUNE, BATMAN...AND NO CONCERN OF MINE!

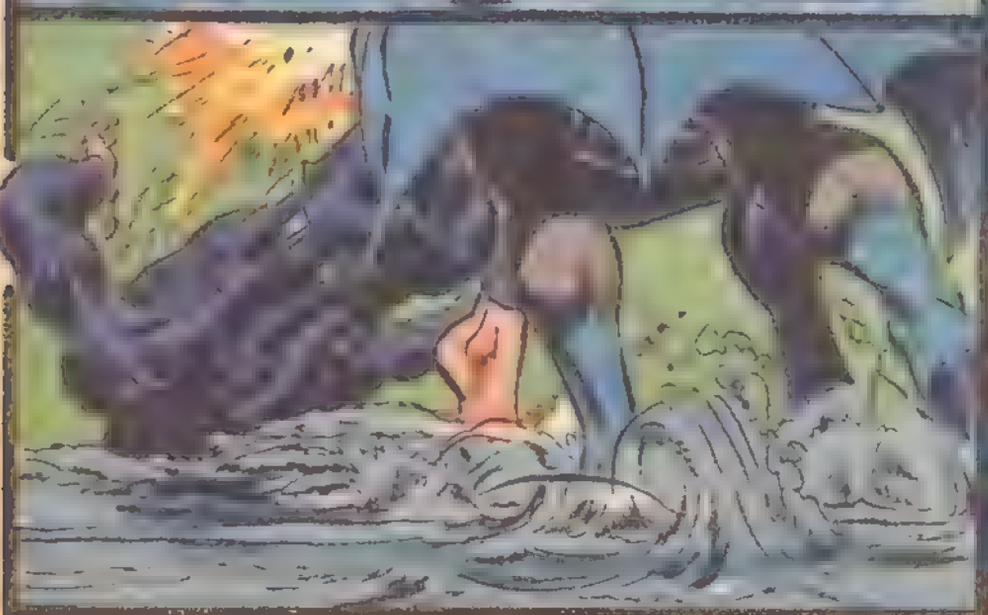

YOU'VE ALWAYS PRIDED YOURSELF ON BEING AS GOOD AS YOU ARE EVIL! WAS YOUR PRIDE A MERE POSE?
QUIET, BATMAN! MY DECISION IS FINAL!

ONCE MORE CAPTAIN BYE'S SCHOONER SETTLES, WATER CREEPING RAPIDLY UP ITS HULL--! TWO-FACE TRIES TO IGNORE IT....

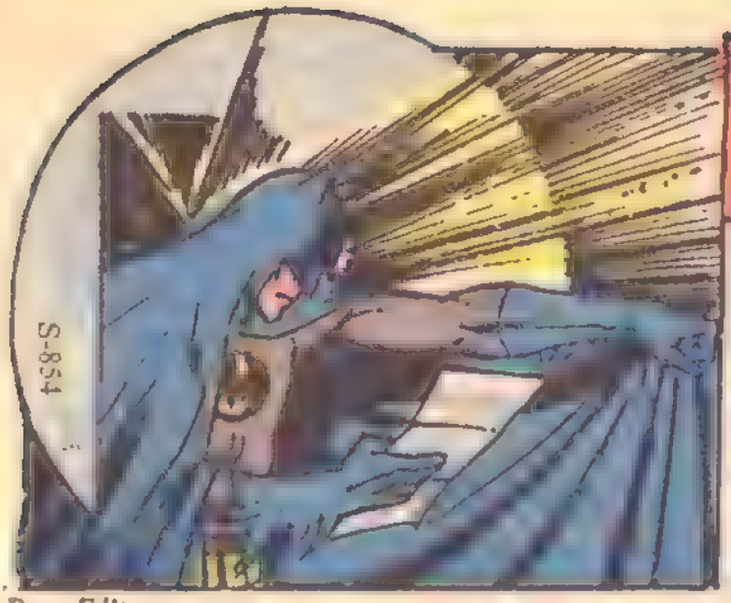

...BUT CAN'T! RELUCTANTLY, HE REMOVES THE DOUBLE-HEADED COIN FROM HIS POUCH, FLIPS IT... AND...

BATMAN-- YOU'RE FREE?!
I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN--
IT WASN'T DIFFICULT! I EXPANDED MY MUSCLES WHILE YOU WERE ROPING ME! BY CONTRACTING THEM, I GOT ENOUGH SLACK TO SLIP OUT OF THE KNOTS!
DO YOU WANT TO SURRENDER?

NEVER! THE COIN DICTATED I SAVE THE OLD MAN... YOU REMAIN MY ENEMY!



AND THUS IT ENDS...PERHAPS!



LETTERS to the BATMAN

Dear Editor:

There I was reading "Take-over in Paradise" in *Batman* #230, saying to myself, "Wow, I've figured out this case even before *Batman!*" Sure, I had *Mouse* pegged as the killer as soon as I read page 9! (I eliminated *Shade's* right from the start. The person who everyone says did it is *never* the killer; at least, not in comics. Now watch, somebody will write a story like that and fool us all!) So, anyway, there I was, thinking, "Well, Frank Robbins didn't fool me this time! I caught the clever way he revealed the culprit!" And then, page 15! I was almost as surprised as the *Caped Crusader* himself! Mr. Robbins is to be applauded for this clever twist. Anybody who can stomp the world's greatest detective (*Batman*—not me!) is good at the game!

—*BOB RAZAKIS, Elmont, N.Y*

(*The L.S.P. (Least Suspicious Person) revelation didn't go well with the next (female) critic, who takes the opportunity to throw in a few choice words about* Women's Lib!—JS)

* * * * *

Dear Editor:

The most necessary, important and fundamental element in *Batman* is his *plausibility*. You have a natural, self-imposed handicap; no one believes that anyone would ever run around town in a super-hero costume (no offense!). Your stories have to balance this with a double dose of *reality*—which *Batman* #230 sadly lacks.

First: the story. How do you mold explosive into a chain? I would believe (with closed eyes and a gulp) a necklace of dynamite sticks. And why waste nitro by putting it into hollow links of chain? Nitro costs money! a *chain* is melodramatic and reminds me of some late-show epic I once saw.

I approve of *Batman's* "you-asked for- it-and-now-you- got-it" attitude on page 5; it's sensible and shows that *Batman* realizes that he can't live everyone's life for him.

My big gripe is the solution. A good detective story should have an element of audience participation; the reader should have the same clues as the detective (not that I look for them—I only check back later)—and they should point to the right answer! *Batman's* reasoning is in the best style; *Kitten's* reasons are good. The fault lies with *you*, the editor, and *you*, the writer, in not playing fair. Her guilt came as an utter surprise—a depressing, flummoxing, and flabbergasting one. (A thought comes to me—was that the whole idea? I hope not!) And if I ever hear *Women's Lib* presented as a *reason* for anything (except not doing the dishes) ever again, I'll SCREAM!

I can't find anything to say about the art except it was, as usual, impeccable. Irv Novick is getting to look like Neal Adams (I cite as evidence the first panel on the first page—*Batman* looks *spooky!*). Novick even surpasses the master in that comic magazine staple—the fight scene (his panels are more co-ordinated).

The only fault I can find with the *Robin* story is that there wasn't enough of it to gather and make a good breaking-off point. Which brings me to my final say: *Robin* is getting on in life; he should choose a college major—one befitting his reputation and record. May I be the *first* to suggest *Astronautics?*

—*BRENDA WANG, Kensington, Md.*

(*Does anyone* second *that suggestion?*—JS)

* * * * *

Dear Editor:

"Take-over of Paradise" was a fine *Bat*-tale in itself. Frank Robbins presented the story beautifully. He used the "find-the-bomb" method to inject suspense into the story but did not drag it out. Another fine point was the surprise killer.

However, my big gripe in the story was Robbins' characterization of *Batman. Batman* was the only link between the *Brave Barons* and the cops. Only he could have stopped a possible disaster that could have ended in bloodshed. Instead of trying to avert an imminent catastrophe he merely says "to heck with it" and goes to bed. This simply goes against all that *Batman* has been in the past.

The *Robin* story was another success. Mike Friedrich is able to give us a first-hand account of today's college campus scene. He uses contemporary terms such as *jock, frat,* and *freak*—but doesn't make them sound like hip "teeny-bopper" talk the *Teen Titans* used a couple of years back. Another thing I like is the continuing characters in the *Robin* stories.

—*DAVID HENDRICKS, Clemson, S.C.*

(*Next*—Robin's *college dialogue draws a failing grade from a real-life* Robins.—JS)

* * * * *

Dear Editor:

"Danger Comes A-Looking" was fairly good. Mike Friedrich's dialogue could stand a great deal of improvement, though. Of course, he's had a lot more experience with college kids than I have; he's in college at the moment, and I'm a dull, uninformed sophomore. I bet, from his dialogue, he's seen a lot more *Dobie Gillis* re-runs than I have. All kidding aside, though, the story itself was unusual, the best *Robin* story to date.

—*CLEM ROBINS, Sheffield, Mass.*

(*Betcha change your "best" mind after you finish the* Robin *three-parter beginning in the current issue!*—JS)

* * * * *

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HI... MY NAME'S ROBERT BEEKER! I'M A COP!
MY PATROL TRAVELS RIGHT HERE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF HUDSON UNIVERSITY!
SOME FOLKS CALL THAT THE BORDER BETWEEN THE U.S.A. AND THE WOODSTOCK NATION--!
TO SICK AND FED-UP STUDENTS I'M NOTHING MORE THAN A HEAD-BUSTING ESTAB-LISHMENT "PIG"!
TO SICK AND FED-UP TOWNSPEOPLE I'M TOO PERMISSIVE IN COMBATTING LONG-HAIRED ANARCHIST LAW-BREAKERS!
THAT LEAVES ME SMACK IN THE MIDDLE--
--RIGHT ON THE FIRING LINE!
BAM!
BAM!
--RIGHT ON, COP!
BAM!
SHARP-ECHOING SOUNDS OF BOOTED FEET ON HARD SIDEWALKS SLICE THROUGH THE NIGHT AIR, FADING LIKE FLEETING THOUGHTS INTO THE WISPY NIGHT...
CLOP CLOP!
...THEN THERE IS SILENCE...

THE OFT-TIME EXPLOSIVE CAMPUS APPEARS QUIET LATELY, BUT THE SEETHING CAULDRON OF DISCONTENT STILL BOILS! TONIGHT IS A NIGHT FOR VIOLENCE! TONIGHT IS A NIGHT FOR...

Robin

TONIGHT IS A NIGHT FOR...

Vengeance Cop!

Story by: Mike Friedrich | Pencils: Irv Novick | Inks: Dick Giordano

THIS REALLY BUMS ME OUT! TOO MANY COPS ARE GETTING THE SHORT END OF THE STICK THESE DAYS!

WE FOUND TWO FIRED BULLETS AND WE'RE RUNNING THEM THROUGH BALLISTIC TESTS NOW! THAT'S ALL WE HAVE TO GO ON...

BEHIND THE BADGE IS THE FLESH THAT *BLEEDS*-- THE *HUMAN BEING* IS SO EASILY FORGOTTEN!

MY *CONSCIENCE* WON'T LET ME FORGET OFFICER BEEKER! I'M GOING TO TRACK HIS ATTACKER DOWN!

A TALL, LONG-HAIRED YOUNG MAN WAS REPORTED SEEN FLEEING THE SCENE! TRUE--?

IT'S BEING INVESTIGATED...

A FEW DISAPPOINTING DAYS LATER...

OFFICER BEEKER'S BEEN DISCHARGED FROM THE HOSPITAL, BUT NO NEW LEADS ON HIS SHOOTER'S IDENTITY!

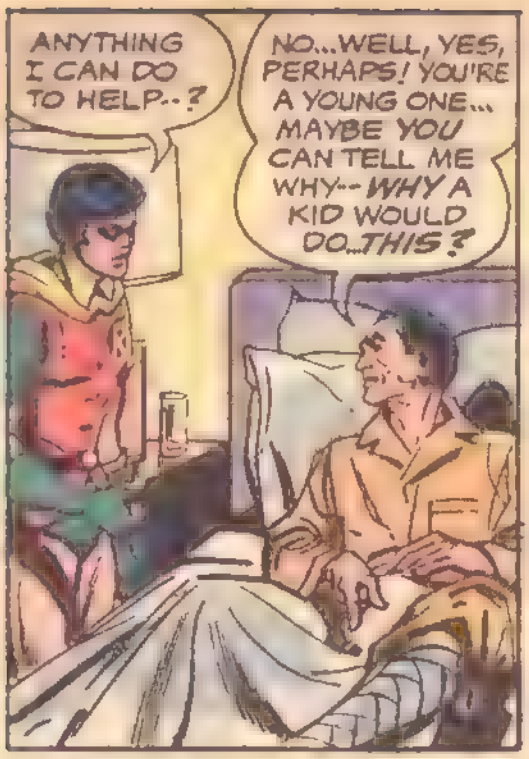
LEAST I CAN DO NOW IS EXTEND MY *GOOD WILL*!

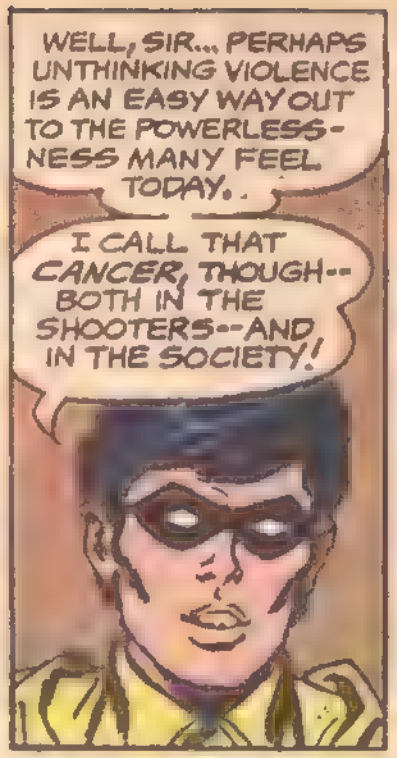
ROBERT-- LOOK WHO'S COME TO VISIT...!

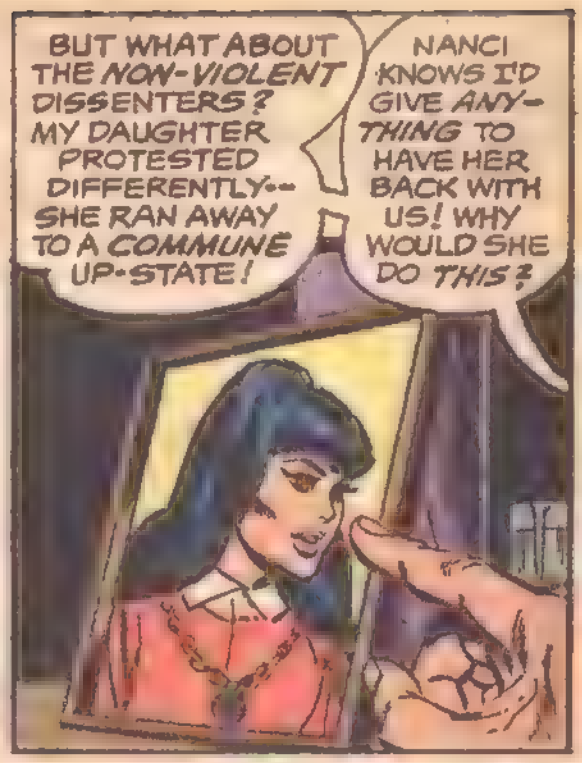
HOW ARE YOU FEELING, OFFICER BEEKER?

PRETTY WELL, *ROBIN*-- CONSIDERING!

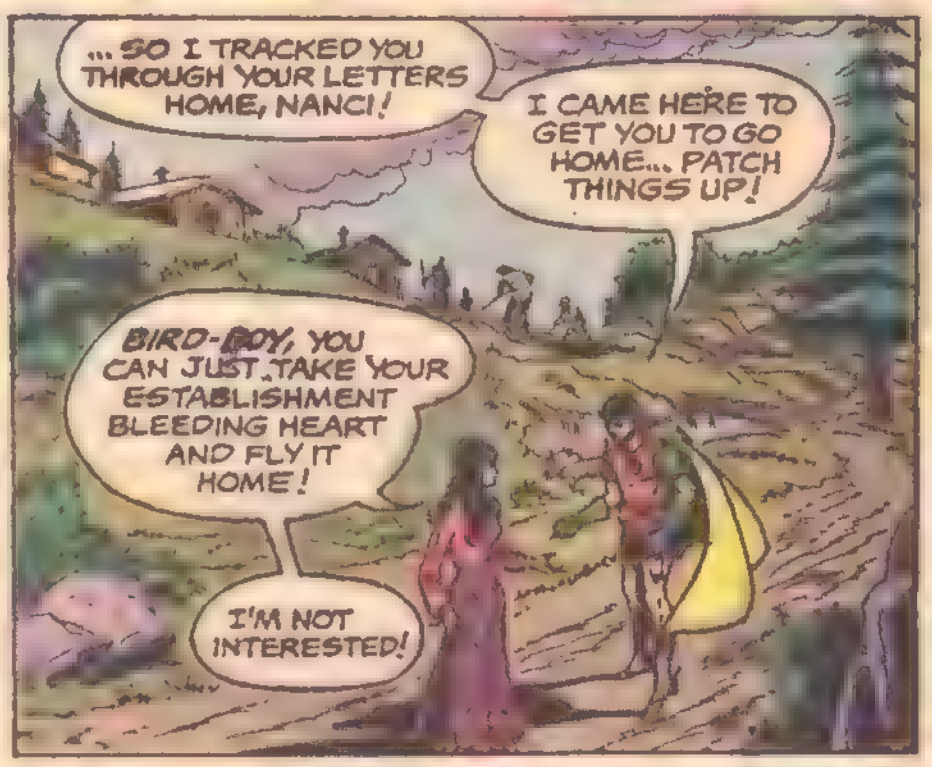
I'M ONE OF THE *LUCKY* ONES-- BOTH BULLETS WENT CLEAN THROUGH AND DIDN'T DO MUCH DAMAGE!


ANYTHING I CAN DO TO HELP--?
NO...WELL, YES, PERHAPS! YOU'RE A YOUNG ONE... MAYBE YOU CAN TELL ME WHY--WHY A KID WOULD DO...THIS?


WELL, SIR... PERHAPS UNTHINKING VIOLENCE IS AN EASY WAY OUT TO THE POWERLESSNESS MANY FEEL TODAY..
I CALL THAT CANCER, THOUGH--BOTH IN THE SHOOTERS--AND IN THE SOCIETY!

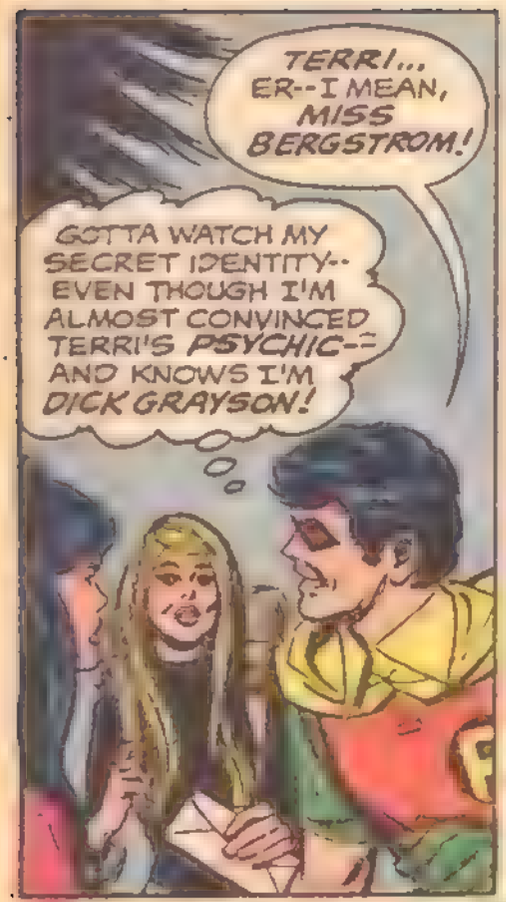

BUT WHAT ABOUT THE NON-VIOLENT DISSENTERS? MY DAUGHTER PROTESTED DIFFERENTLY--SHE RAN AWAY TO A COMMUNE UP-STATE!
NANCI KNOWS I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO HAVE HER BACK WITH US! WHY WOULD SHE DO THIS?

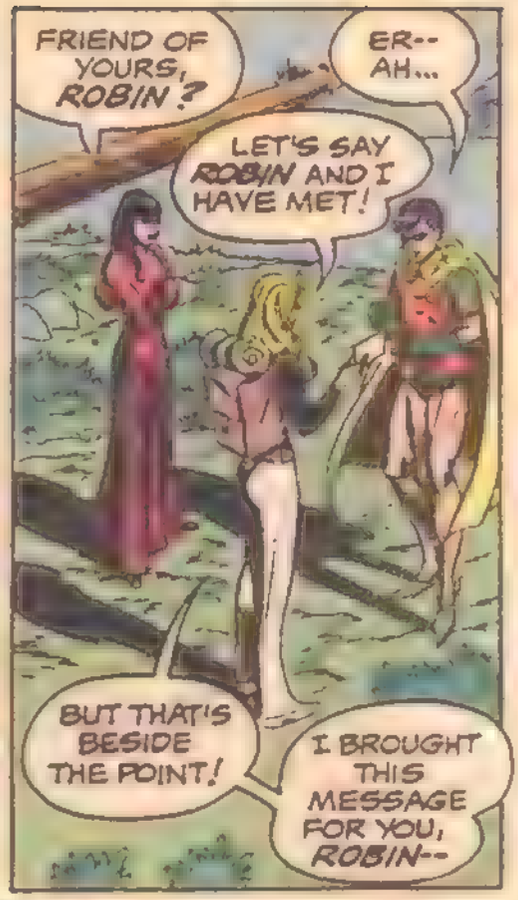
"I DON'T KNOW, SIR--BUT YOU'VE GIVEN ME MORE THAN ENOUGH REASON TO FIND OUT!"
NANCI!--NANCI BEEKER!
HUH--?

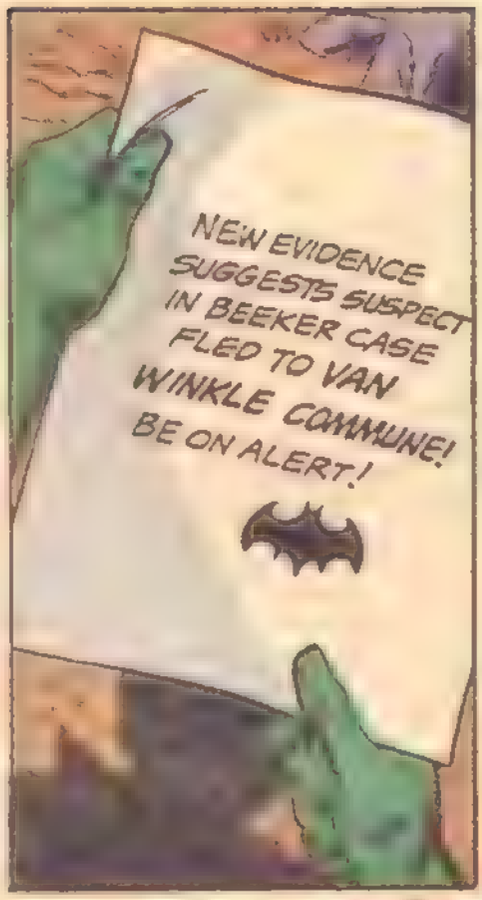

...SO I TRACKED YOU THROUGH YOUR LETTERS HOME, NANCI!
I CAME HERE TO GET YOU TO GO HOME... PATCH THINGS UP!
BIRD-BOY, YOU CAN JUST TAKE YOUR ESTABLISHMENT BLEEDING HEART AND FLY IT HOME!
I'M NOT INTERESTED!

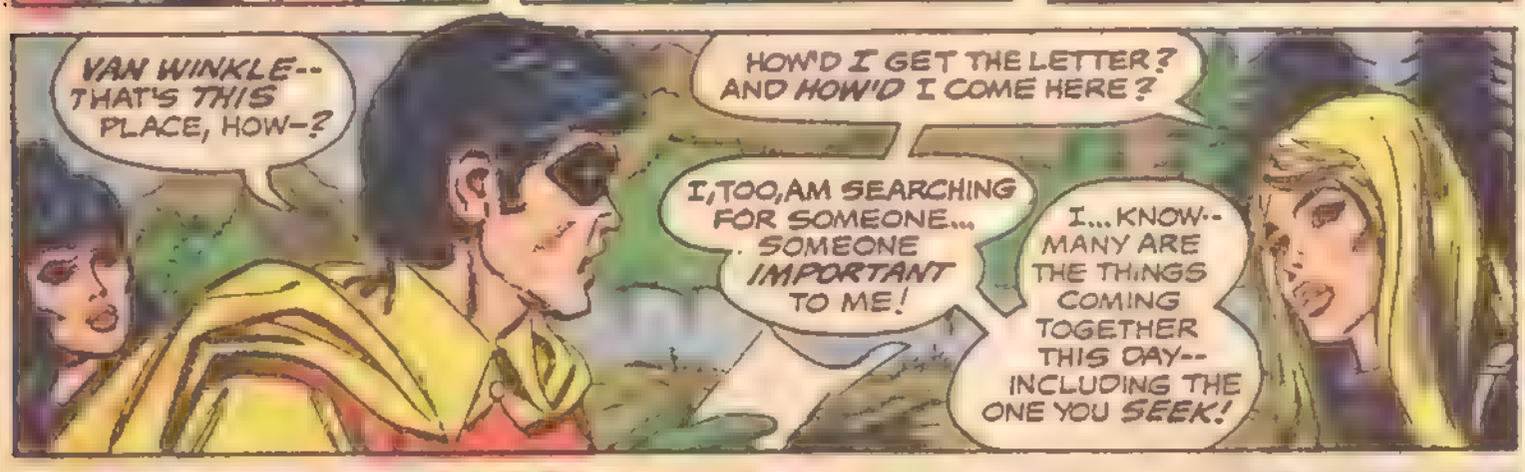
YOU SEE THIS POLICE-BULLET? IT CAME FROM THE LEG OF A MEMBER OF OUR COMMUNE "FAMILY"!
I WEAR IT AS A REMINDER OF OUR VIOLENT, REPRESSIVE SOCIETY--WHICH MY FATHER "DEFENDS" WITH HIS OWN BULLETS!

MAN, TALK ABOUT WASH-OUTS! I'M GETTING ABSOLUTELY NOWHERE--
HEY! THERE'S--


TERRI... ER--I MEAN, MISS BERGSTROM!
GOTTA WATCH MY SECRET IDENTITY-- EVEN THOUGH I'M ALMOSTCONVINCED TERRI'S PSYCHIC-- AND KNOWS I'M DICK GRAYSON!

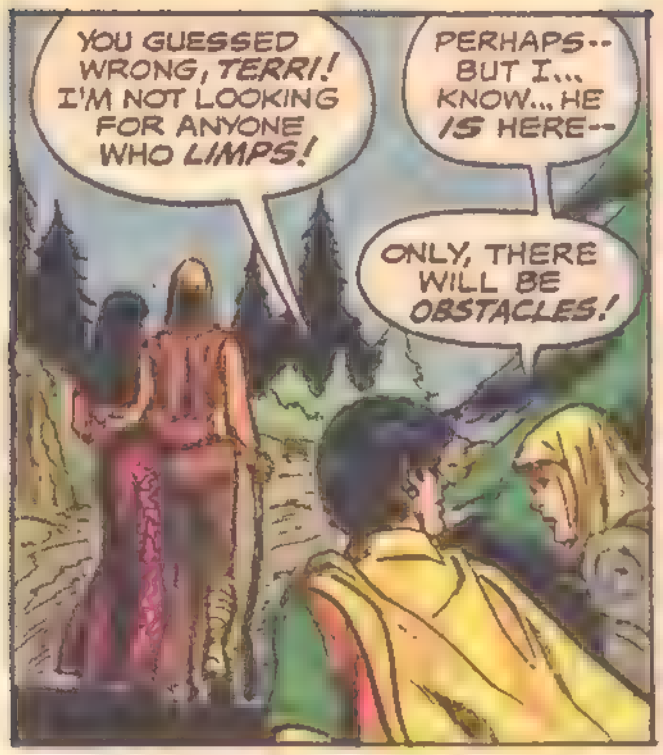

FRIEND OF YOURS, ROBIN?
ER-- AH...
LET'S SAY ROBIN AND I HAVE MET!
BUT THAT'S BESIDE THE POINT!
I BROUGHT THIS MESSAGE FOR YOU, ROBIN--

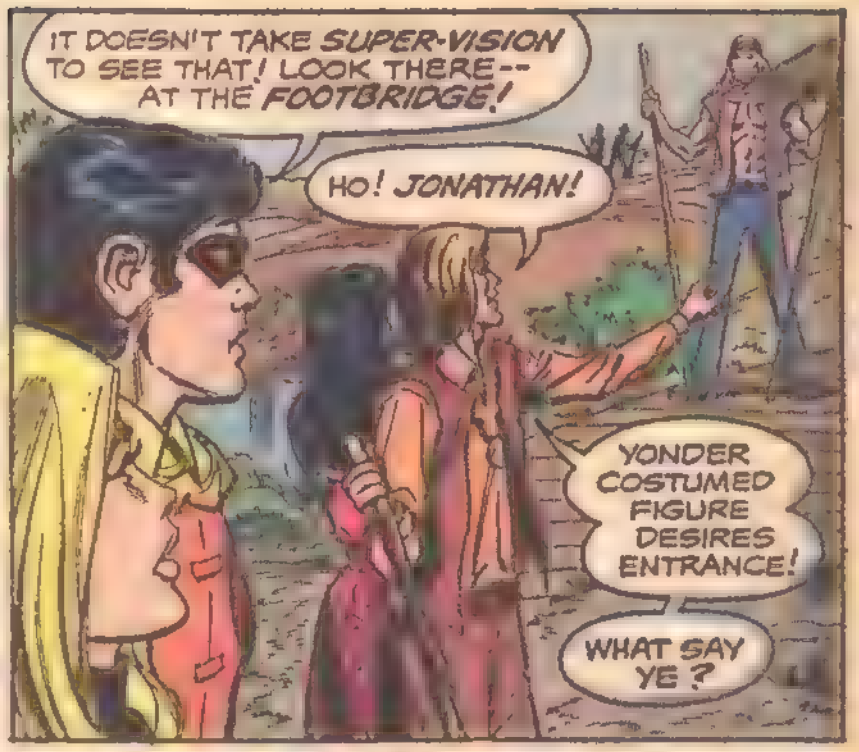

NEW EVIDENCE SUGGESTS SUSPECT IN BEEKER CASE FLED TO VAN WINKLE COMMUNE! BE ON ALERT!

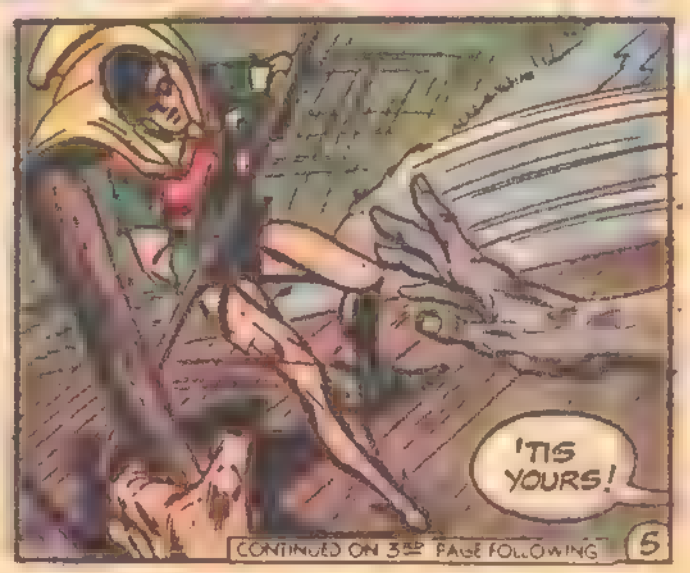

VAN WINKLE-- THAT'S THIS PLACE, HOW-?
HOW'D I GET THE LETTER? AND HOW'D I COME HERE?
I, TOO, AM SEARCHING FOR SOMEONE... SOMEONE IMPORTANT TO ME!
I... KNOW-- MANY ARE THE THINGS COMING TOGETHER THIS DAY-- INCLUDING THE ONE YOU SEEK!

SUDDENLY AS IF IN RESPONSE TO THE CALL OF TERRI'S HAUNTING VOICE...
YOU'RE REFERRING TO-- HIM? YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING, TERRI!
THAT'S MY NEW BOY FRIEND, PAT WHALON-- AND HE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW MY FATHER!
HI, GANG...

ROBIN, I SAW YOU AT HUDSON U-- WHILE BUMMING THROUGH ON MY WAY HERE!
WHY DON'T THE TWO OF YOU JOIN US ALL AT OUR WEEKLY GET-TOGETHER?
WE'D LOVE TO!







CONTINUED ON 3RD PAGE FOLLOWING

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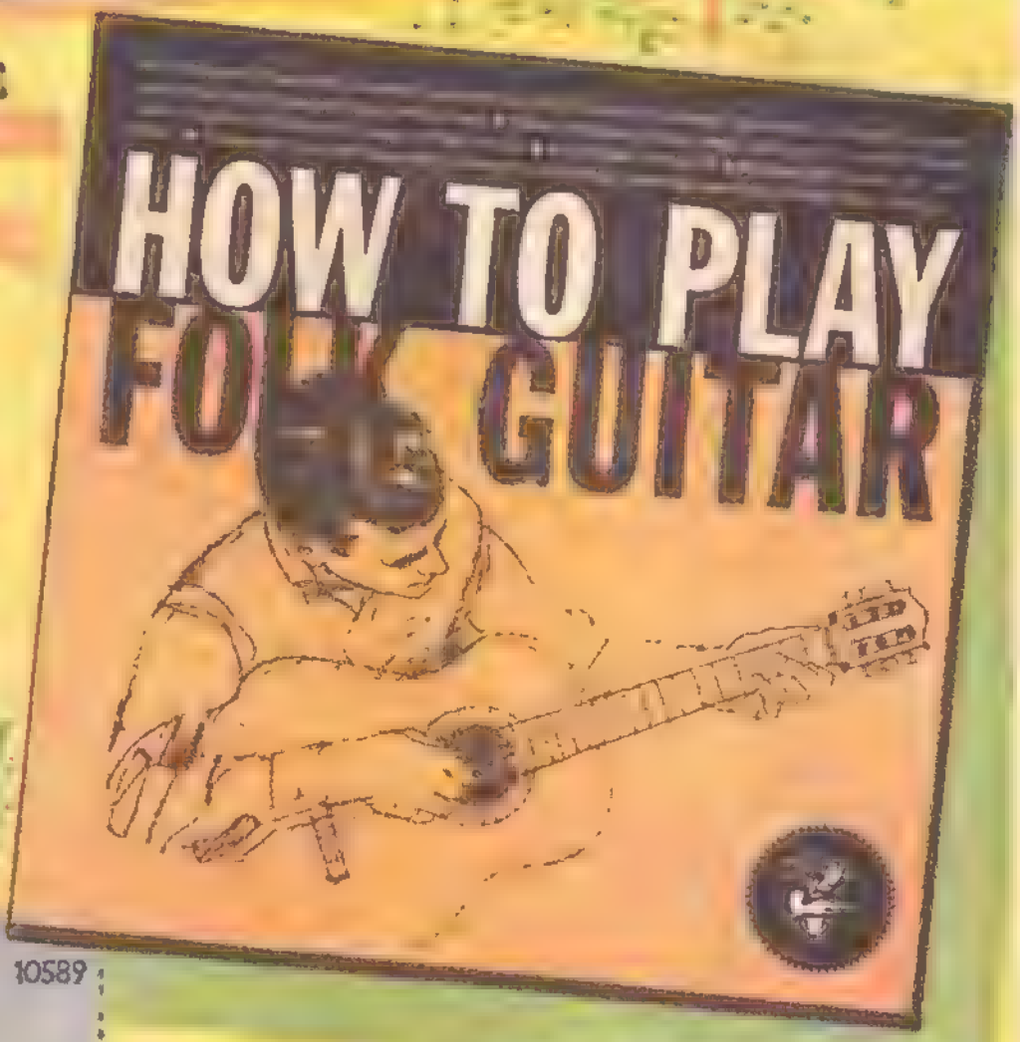

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each

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#1053

Remove one. Then, by jumping as in checkers, try to wind up with just one peg left. Fear is average; 5 good excellent; 7 perfect ... but almost impossible a real challenge. No. 011 ...

#1061 PICK UP STRAWS
Drop this handful of plastic sticks to the table from a height of 12 inches ---then try to pick them up ... at a time without moving any other stick. A test of patience and cunning.

MYSTERY SPINNER
#1036

KNOBBIES
#1074

HUMMING SPINNER
#1083

Spin it one way, then the other ... Faster. Soon it starts to hum — but don't spin it too fast, or it'll stop. The trick is to keep it humming.

#1054 TIC-TAC-TOE
Instead of Xs and Os and drawing your own grid, this board with 9 pegs lets you play the old favorite simply by inserting pegs.

JUMPING BUTTON
#1033

YAKETY-YAK
#1095

Imitate some long-talking friend simply by squeezing this chatterbox face at its sides. Hilarious!

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Challenge your friends to balance this curved miracle balancer on a single finger. They can't. But you can, simply. A trick amazing to ...

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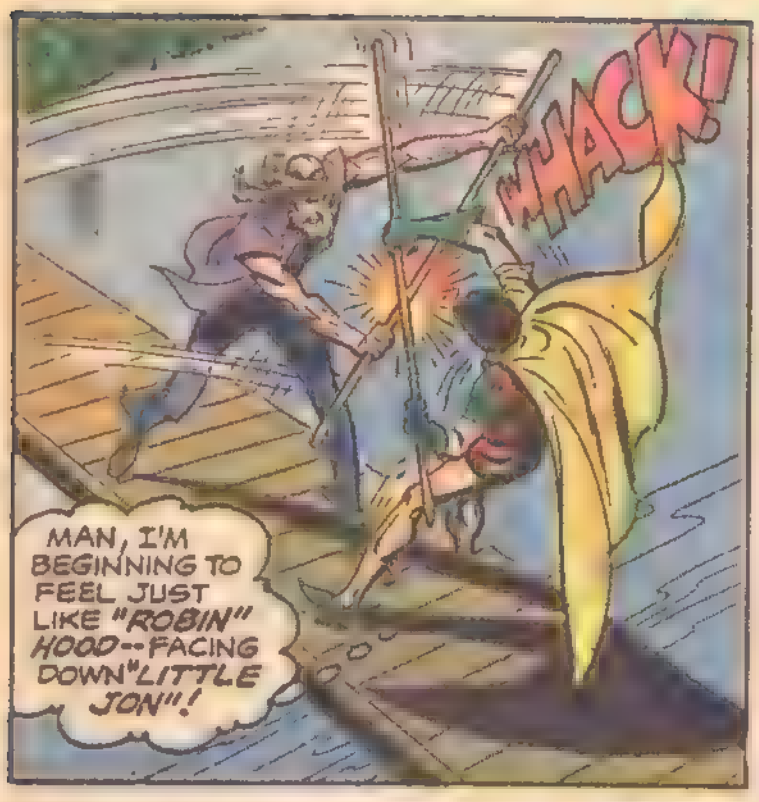
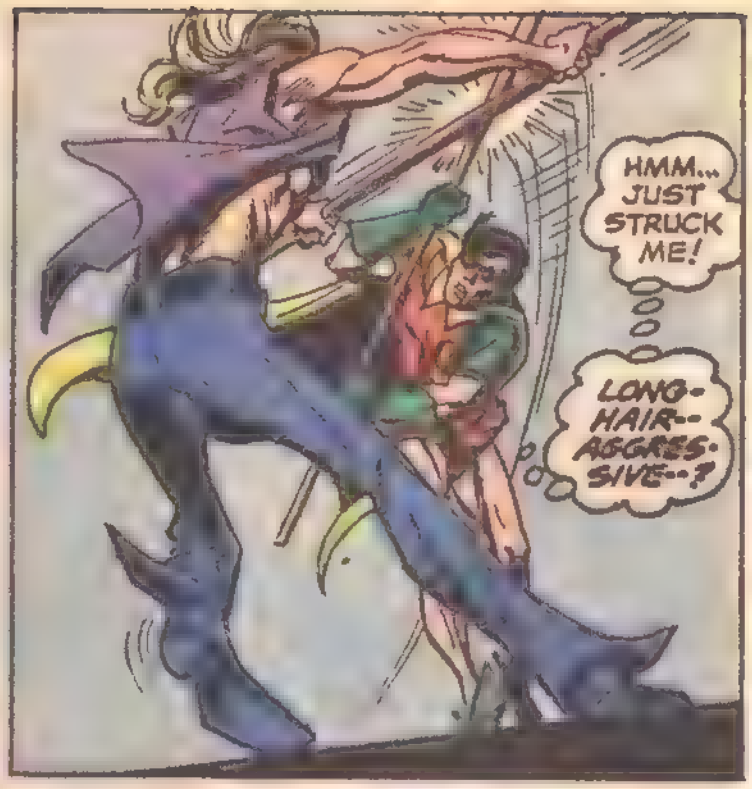
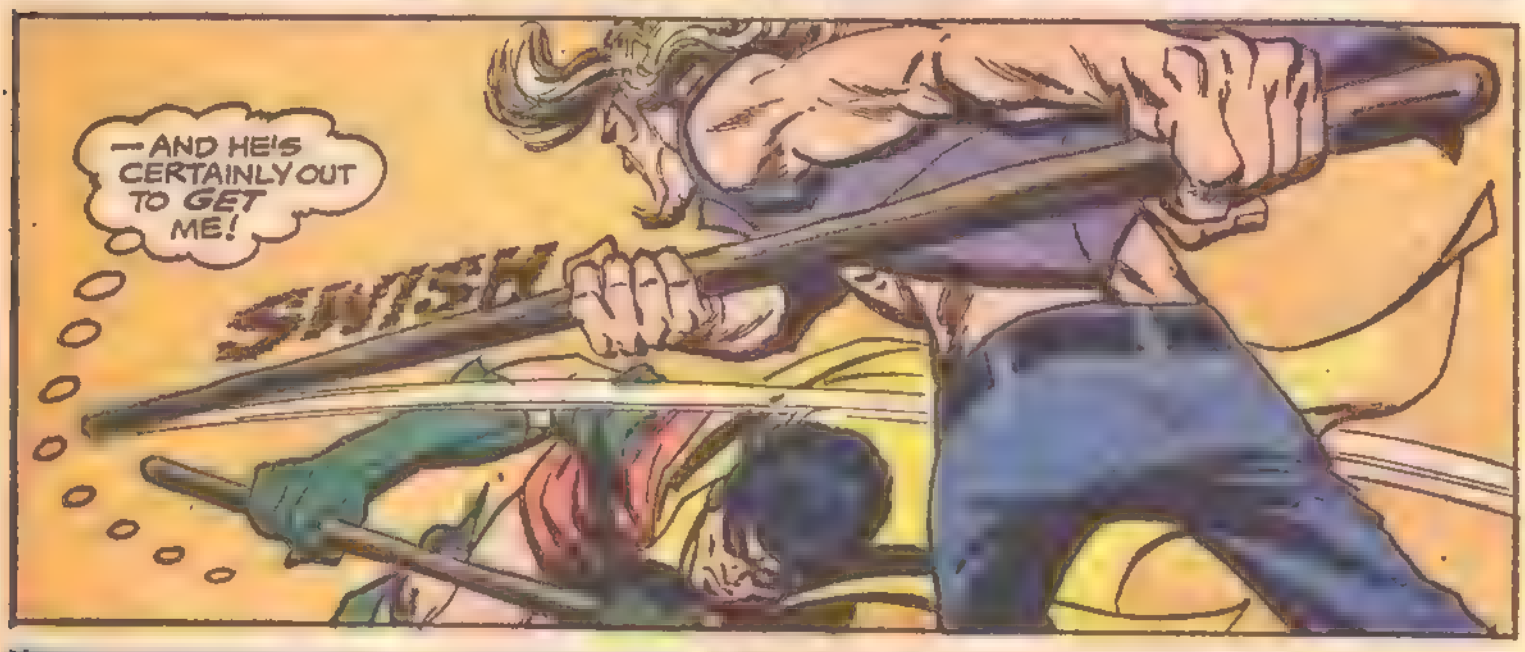
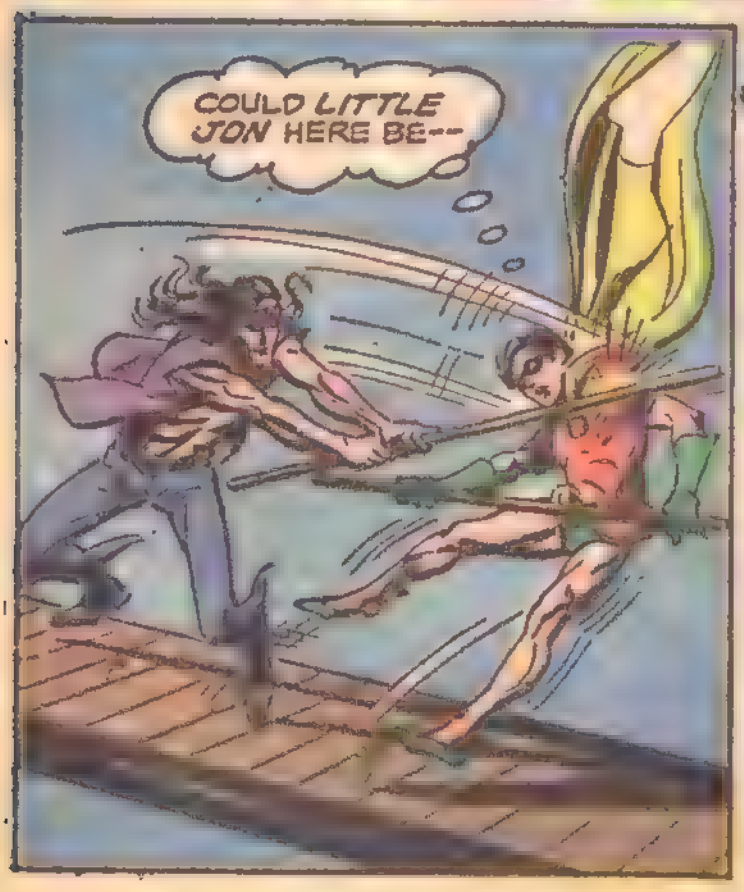
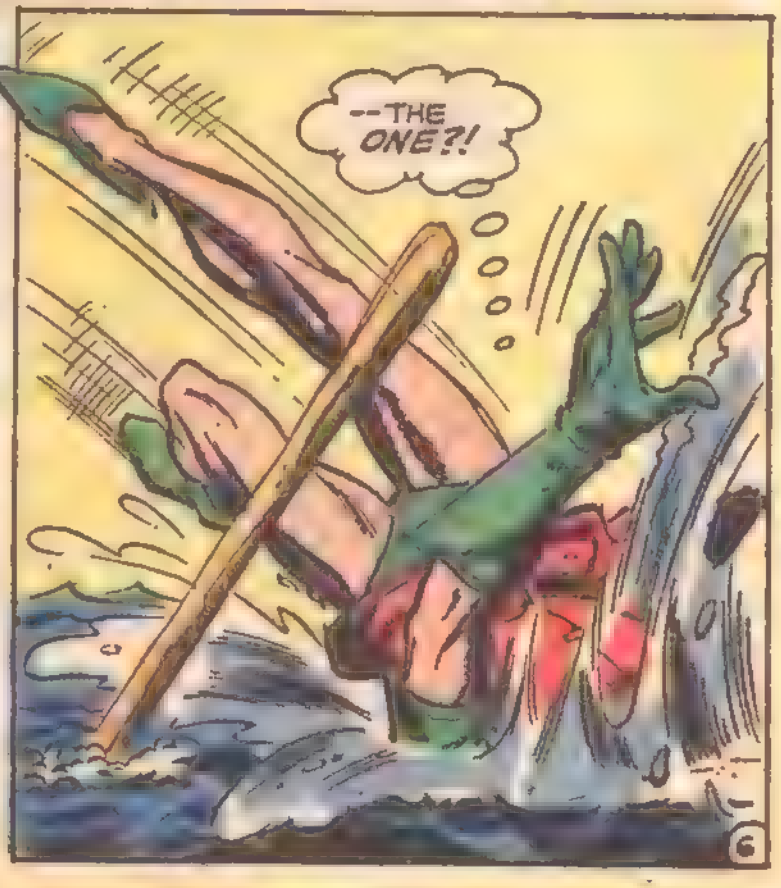
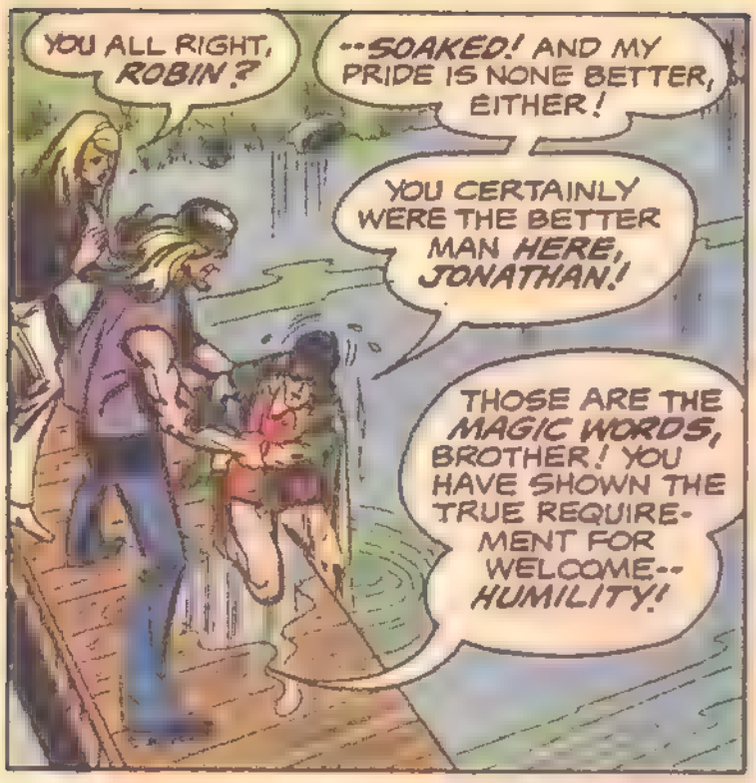

WHACK!
MAN, I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL JUST LIKE "ROBIN" HOOD--FACING DOWN "LITTLE JON"!

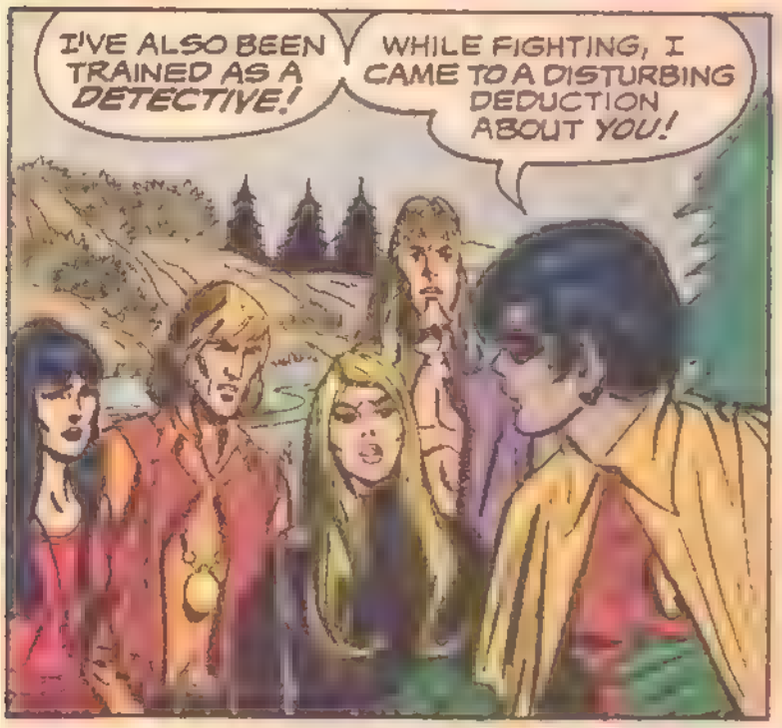

HMM... JUST STRUCK ME!
LONG-HAIR--AGGRESSIVE--?


--AND HE'S CERTAINLY OUT TO GET ME!
SWISH


COULD LITTLE JON HERE BE--


--THE ONE?!



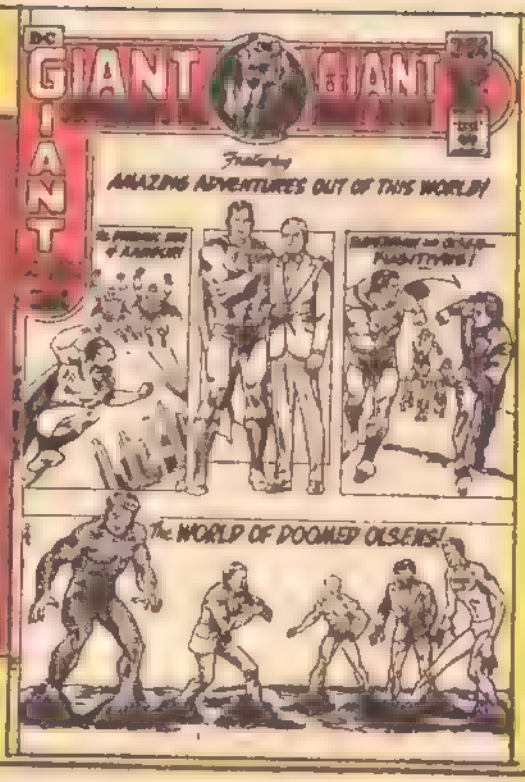


WHO IS IT THAT ROBIN HAS FINGERED IN THE CRIME? YOU HAVE BEEN PREGENTED WITH THE CLUE--HAVE YOU MATCHED WITS WITH THE TEEN-AGE SLEUTH?

BUT MORE IMPORTANTLY, WILL ROBIN BE ABLE TO BRING HIS SUSPECT TO TRIAL? IN THE NEXT ISSUE THE TEEN WONDER TACKLES THE MOST MYSTIFYING PROBLEM OF HIS LIFE... "THE OUTCAST SOCIETY"!

TAKE A GIANT STEP...

on sale JUNE 3rd



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Editor's Note:
THE "NEW LOOK" BATMAN WAS INTRODUCED IN 1964 (SYMBOLIZED BY THE ADDITION OF AN OVAL AROUND THE CAPED CRUSADER'S BAT-INSIGNIA). FOR THOSE WHO MISSED THOSE EVENTFUL STORIES -- FOR THOSE NOSTALGIC ONES WHO YEARN TO RE-READ THEM -- WE BRING BACK THE DYNAMIC DUO OF BATMAN AND ROBIN IN TEAM-UP ACTION!
BAT-MAN
ROBIN
WHEN IS A THIEF NOT A THIEF?
WHEN THE MASTER CRIMINAL KNOWN AS THE MAKE-UP MAN PLANS AND EXECUTES A CRIME! FOR HIS "ROBBERS" NEVER TOUCH THE LOOT THEY "STEAL" -- NOR CAN THEY EVER BE STOPPED WHEN THEY MAKE A GETAWAY!
AGAINST SUCH SEEMINGLY INSURMOUNTABLE OBSTACLES, BATMAN AND ROBIN MUST CALL UPON ALL THEIR MENTAL AND PHYSICAL SKILLS TO STAY ALIVE AS THEY FOLLOW THE...
TRAIL OF THE TALKING MASK!
SO FAR IN THIS CASE -- WE HAVEN'T LAID EYES ON A REAL CROOK -- ONLY THESE MOCK-UP "MEN"!
WE HAVE TO BATTLE OUR WAY PAST THEM -- TO GET TO THE REAL GANG!
STORY BY: GARDNER FOX
ART BY: CARMINE INFANTINO & JOE GIELLA

IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT, THREE FIGURES MOVE SILENTLY BETWEEN THE DISPLAY CASES OF THE GOTHAM CITY JEWEL MART...
SUDDENLY--THE FRONT DOORS CRASH OPEN! GRIM AND MENACING TWIN THUNDERBOLTS OF LAW AND ORDER STAND POISED TO STRIKE...
THERE THEY ARE, BATMAN--JUST AS HUGH RANKIN SAID THEY'D BE!
LET'S TAKE THEM, ROBIN!
AS IF CATAPULTED BY A GUN, THE JEWEL THIEVES HURTLE FORWARD--AS DOES THE CRIME-FIGHTING TEAM OF BATMAN AND ROBIN...
THE COWLED CRUSADER LETS FLY WITH A DYNAMITE-CHARGED FIST, POWERED BY ALL THE MIGHT OF HIS SUPER-ATHLETIC BODY...
EXACTLY AT THAT SAME MOMENT, THE BOY WONDER LEAVES HIS FEET IN A FURIOUS BODY-BLOCK..
CONTINUED ON THE PAGE FOLLOWING
2

PLAY 1971 BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL GAMES

- PITCHING
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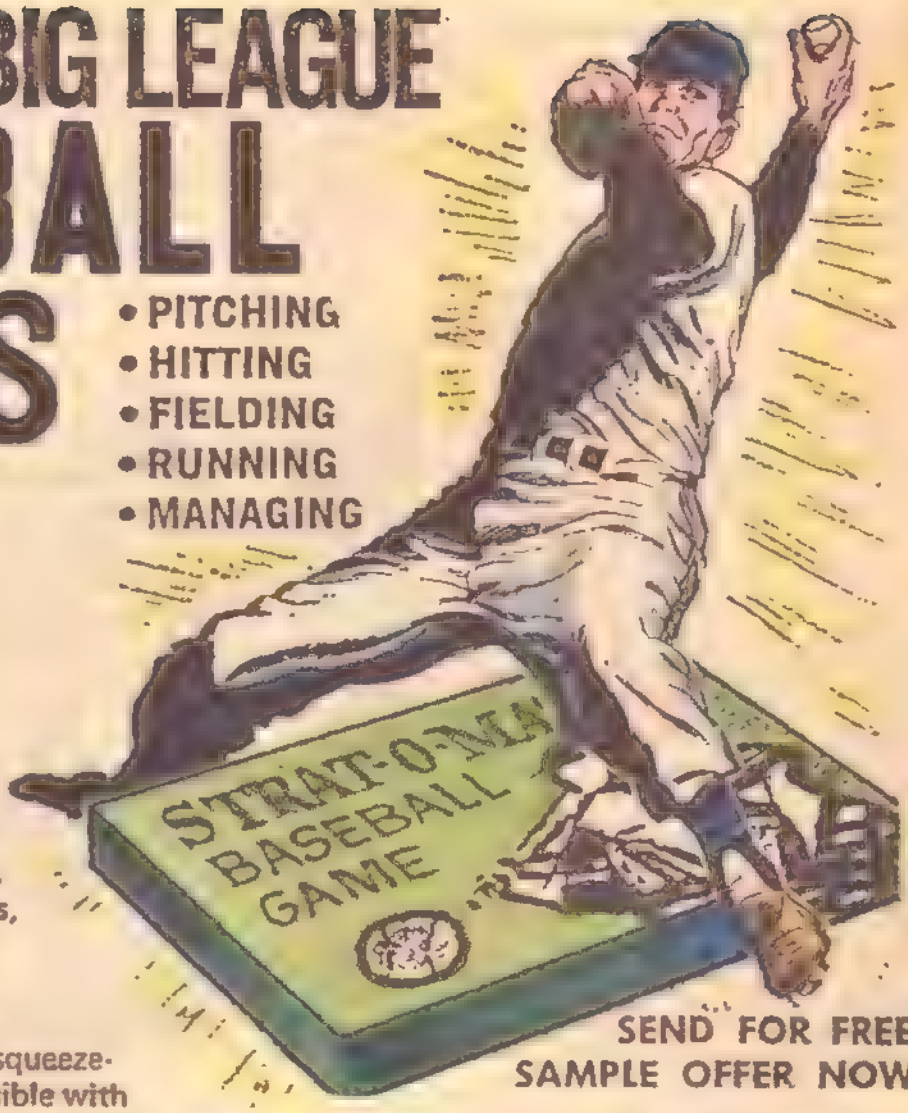

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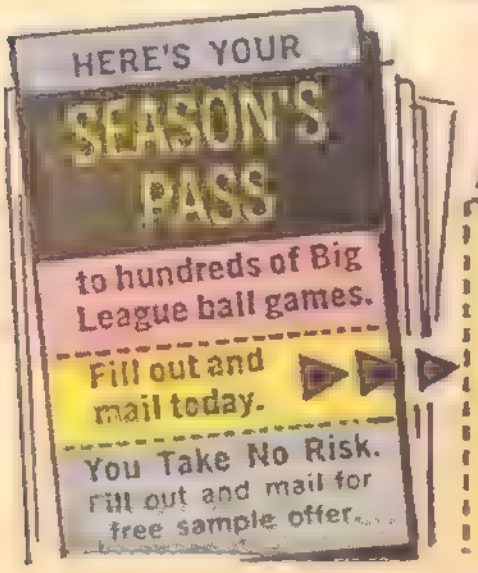

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Send exciting FREE STRAT-O-MATIC Baseball Game offer and samples. I enclose 10 cents in coin or stamps to cover postage and handling.

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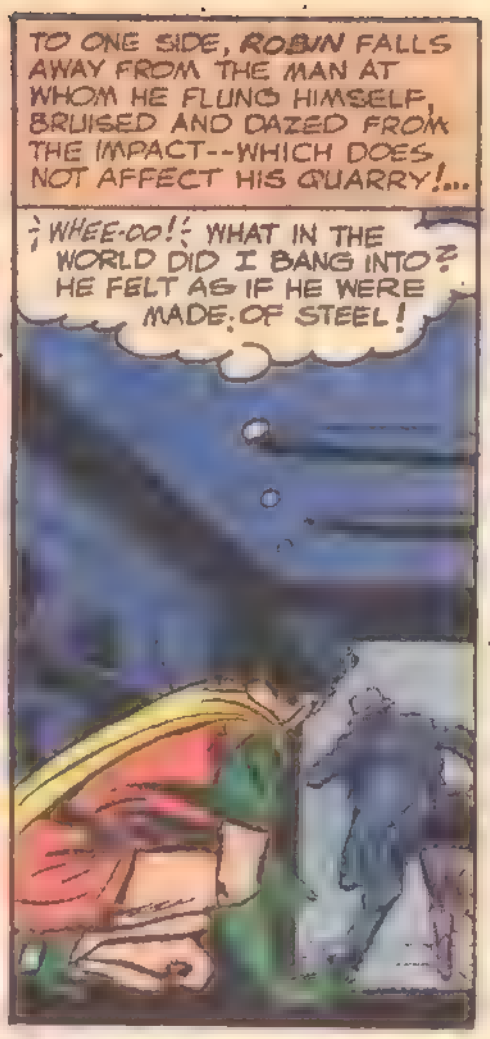
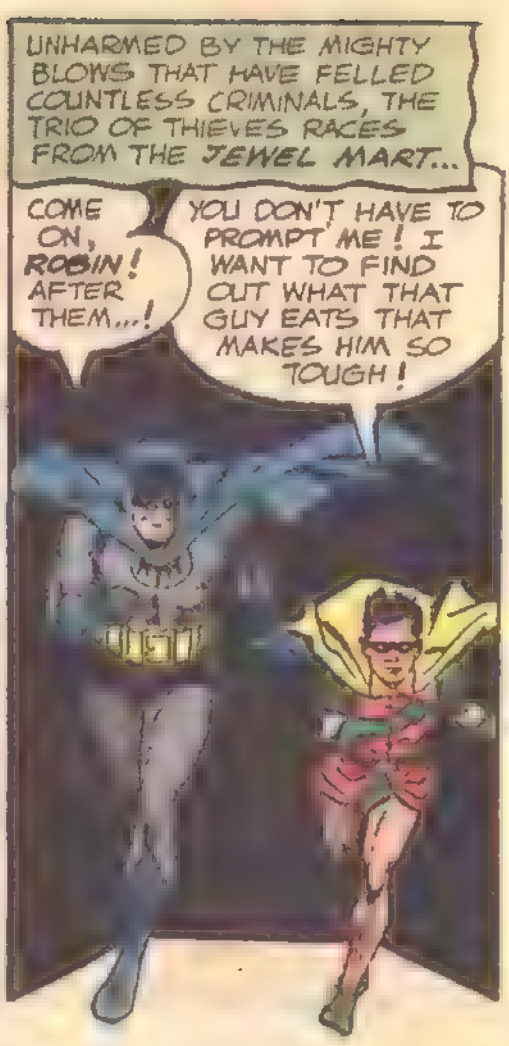
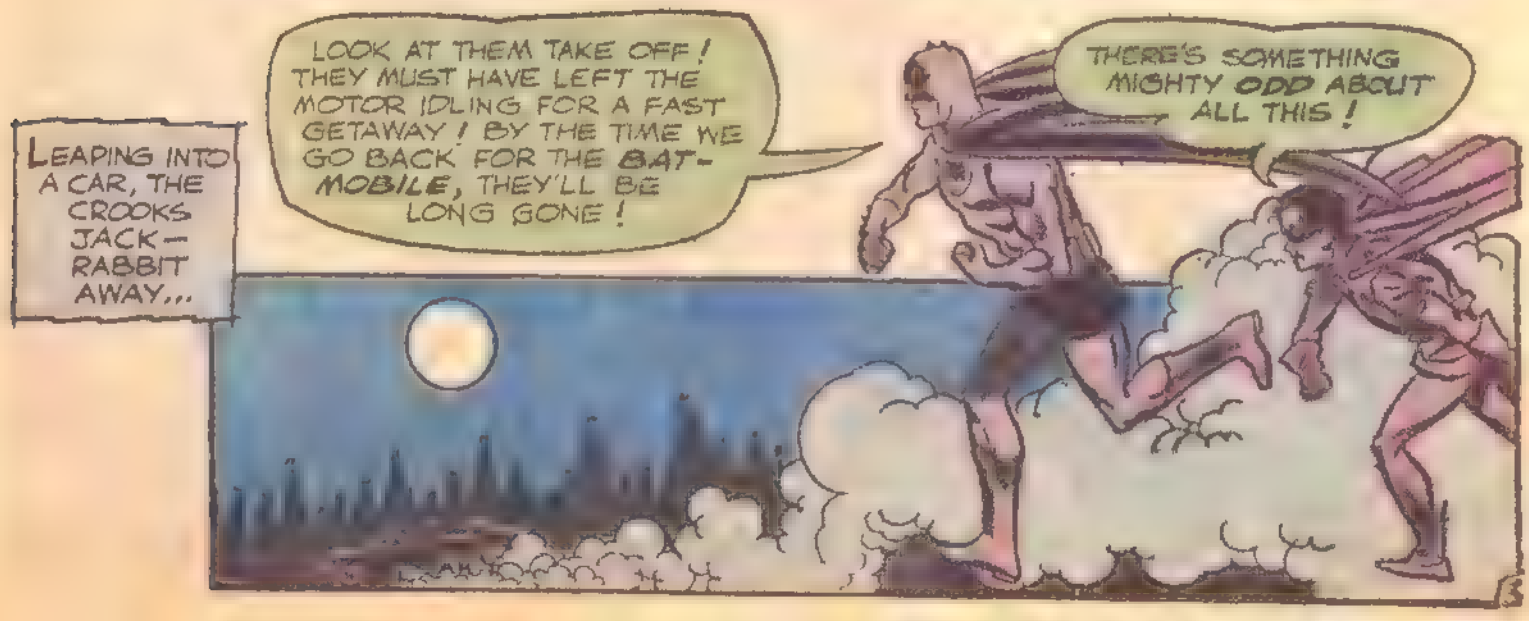
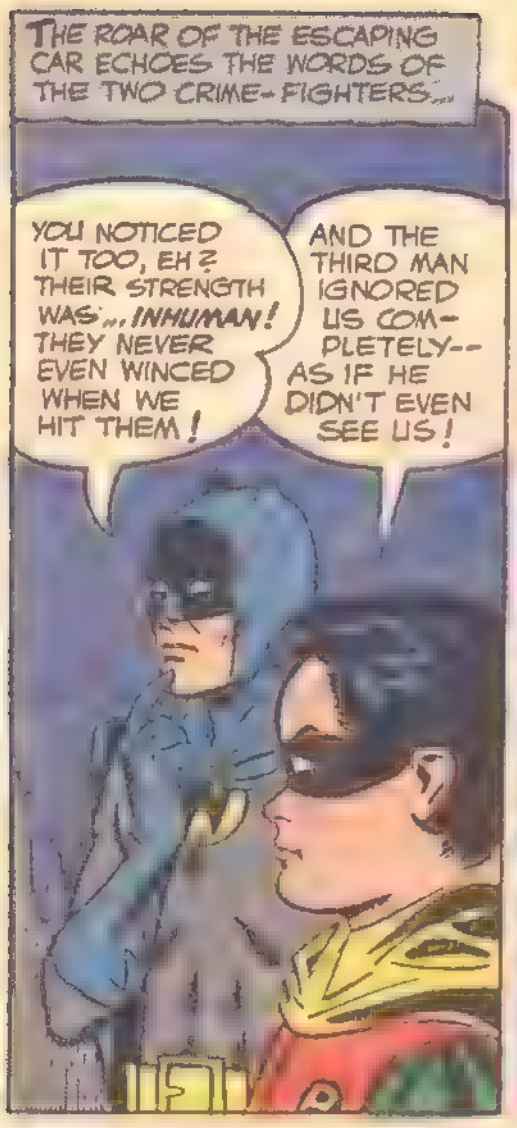
AS BATMAN'S FIST RAMS HOME, A STABBING PAIN SHOOTS FROM HIS CLENCHED KNUCKLES UP INTO HIS ARM AND SHOULDER...
OWWW! HIS JAW IS LIKE-- SOLID CONCRETE! I ALMOST BROKE MY HAND ON IT!

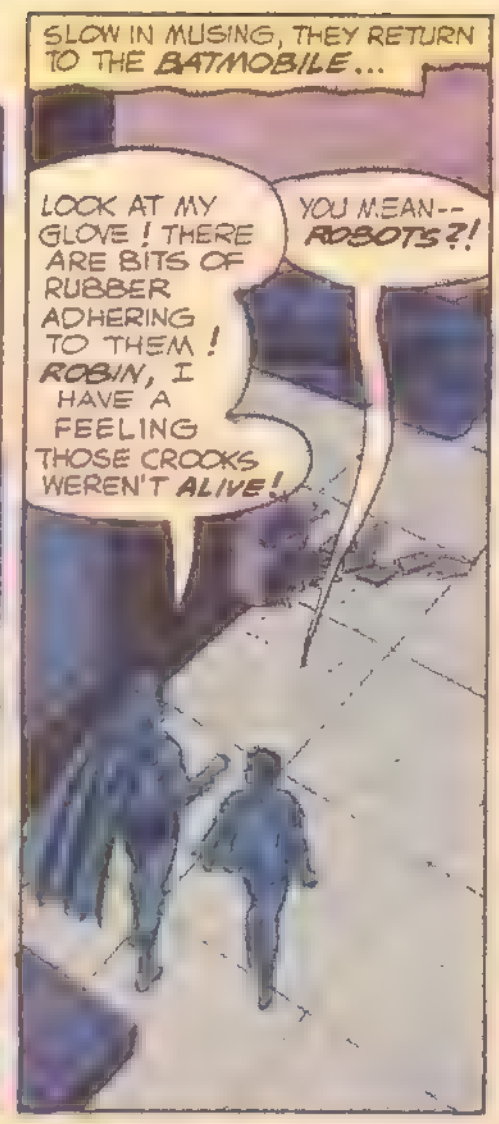

TO ONE SIDE, ROBIN FALLS AWAY FROM THE MAN AT WHOM HE FLUNG HIMSELF, BRUISED AND DAZED FROM THE IMPACT--WHICH DOES NOT AFFECT HIS QUARRY!...
¡WHEE-OO!¡ WHAT IN THE WORLD DID I BANG INTO? HE FELT AS IF HE WERE MADE OF STEEL!


UNHARMED BY THE MIGHTY BLOWS THAT HAVE FELLED COUNTLESS CRIMINALS, THE TRIO OF THIEVES RACES FROM THE JEWEL MART...
COME ON, ROBIN! AFTER THEM...!
YOU DON'T HAVE TO PROMPT ME! I WANT TO FIND OUT WHAT THAT GUY EATS THAT MAKES HIM SO TOUGH!

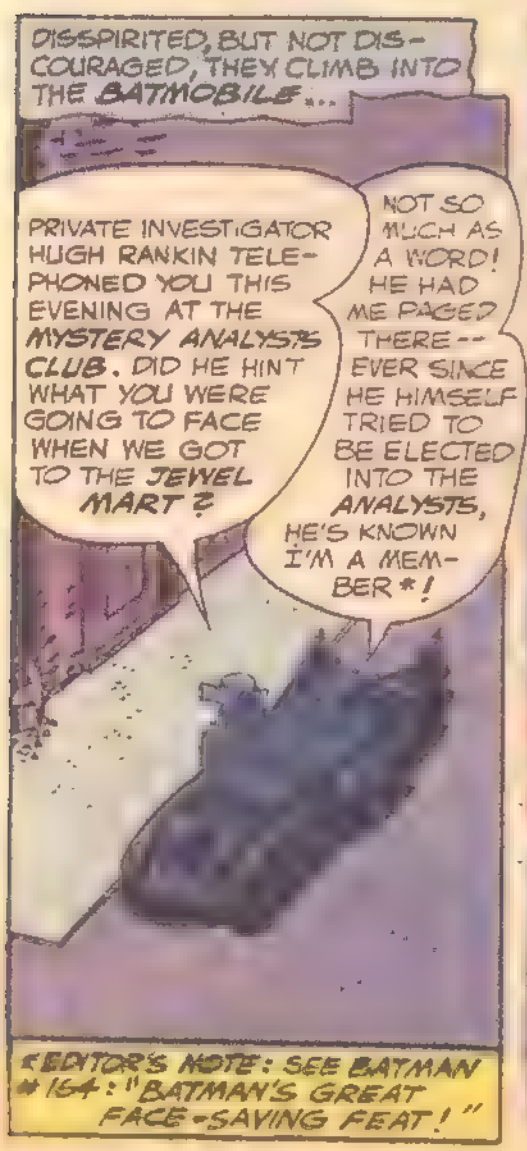
THEIR FEET BLUR WITH SPEED, FOR FEW MEN CAN KEEP PACE WITH THE MASKED MANHUNTER AND THE TEEN-AGE THUNDER-BOLT-- BUT...
THEY'RE PULLING AWAY FROM US!
THEY MUST BE SPRINTERS! BUT WE'LL CATCH THEM IN THE LONG RUN!

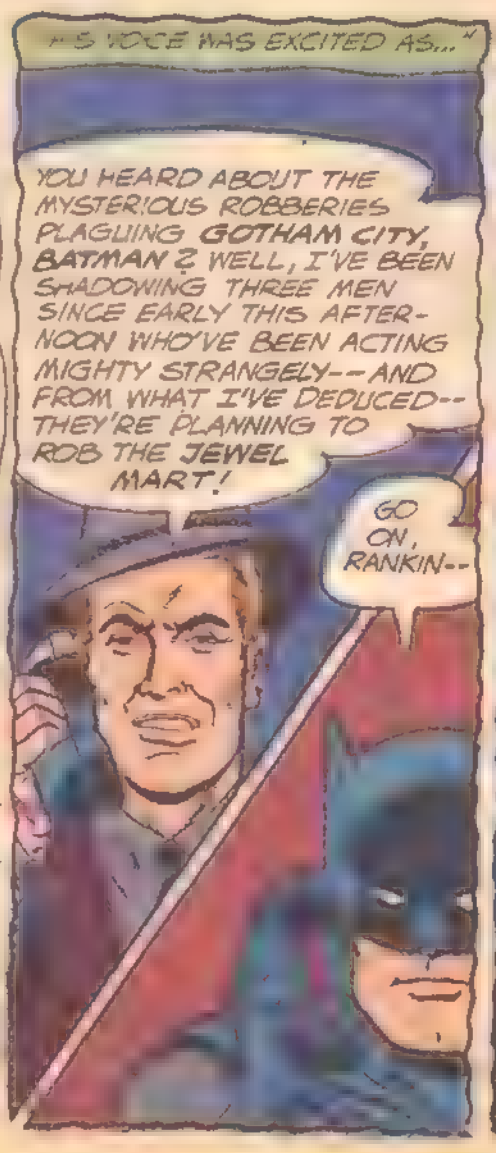

LEAPING INTO A CAR, THE CROOKS JACK-RABBIT AWAY...
LOOK AT THEM TAKE OFF! THEY MUST HAVE LEFT THE MOTOR IDLING FOR A FAST GETAWAY! BY THE TIME WE GO BACK FOR THE BAT-MOBILE, THEY'LL BE LONG GONE!
THERE'S SOMETHING MIGHTY ODD ABOUT ALL THIS!


THE ROAR OF THE ESCAPING CAR ECHOES THE WORDS OF THE TWO CRIME-FIGHTERS...
YOU NOTICED IT TOO, EH? THEIR STRENGTH WAS... INHUMAN! THEY NEVER EVEN WINCED WHEN WE HIT THEM!
AND THE THIRD MAN IGNORED US COMPLETELY--AS IF HE DIDN'T EVEN SEE US!

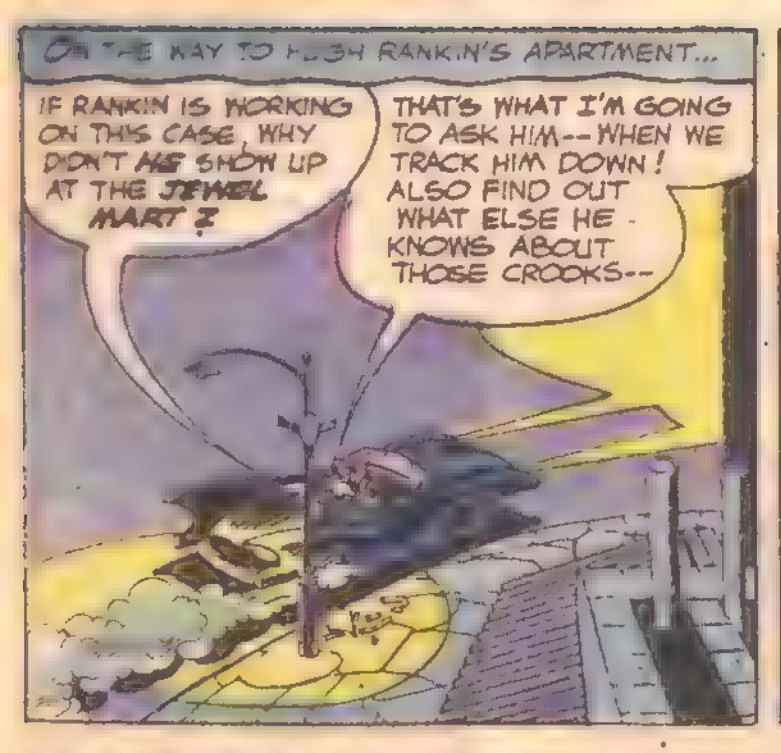

SLOW IN MUSING, THEY RETURN TO THE BATMOBILE...
LOOK AT MY GLOVE! THERE ARE BITS OF RUBBER ADHERING TO THEM! ROBIN, I HAVE A FEELING THOSE CROOKS WEREN'T ALIVE!
YOU MEAN--ROBOTS?!

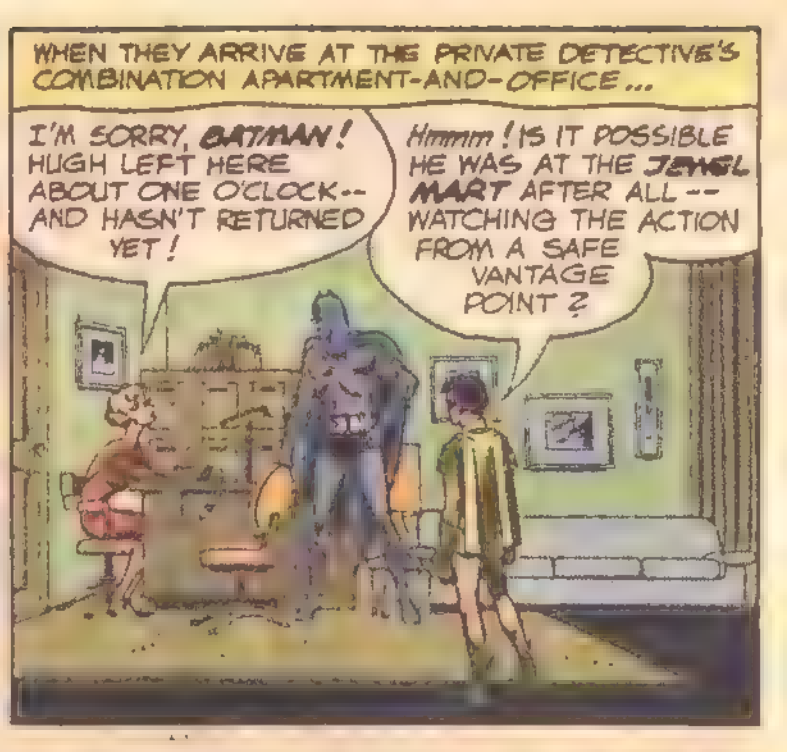
NOT EXACTLY! THE NEW SCIENCE OF AUDIO-ANIMATRONICS CAN DUPLICATE A HUMAN BEING PERFECTLY IN LOOKS AND ACTION! WE MAY BE UP AGAINST A MASTER MOCK-UP ARTIST WHO HAS FASHIONED A GANG OF AUDIO-ANIMATRONS TO REACT TO REMOTE-CONTROL, ELECTRONIC STIMULI!


DISSPIRITED, BUT NOT DISCOURAGED, THEY CLIMB INTO THE BATMOBILE...
PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR HUGH RANKIN TELEPHONED YOU THIS EVENING AT THE MYSTERY ANALYSTS CLUB. DID HE HINT WHAT YOU WERE GOING TO FACE WHEN WE GOT TO THE JEWEL MART?
NOT SO MUCH AS A WORD! HE HAD ME PAGED THERE--EVER SINCE HE HIMSELF TRIED TO BE ELECTED INTO THE ANALYSTS, HE'S KNOWN I'M A MEMBER*!
*EDITOR'S NOTE: SEE BATMAN #164: "BATMAN'S GREAT FACE-SAVING FEAT!"

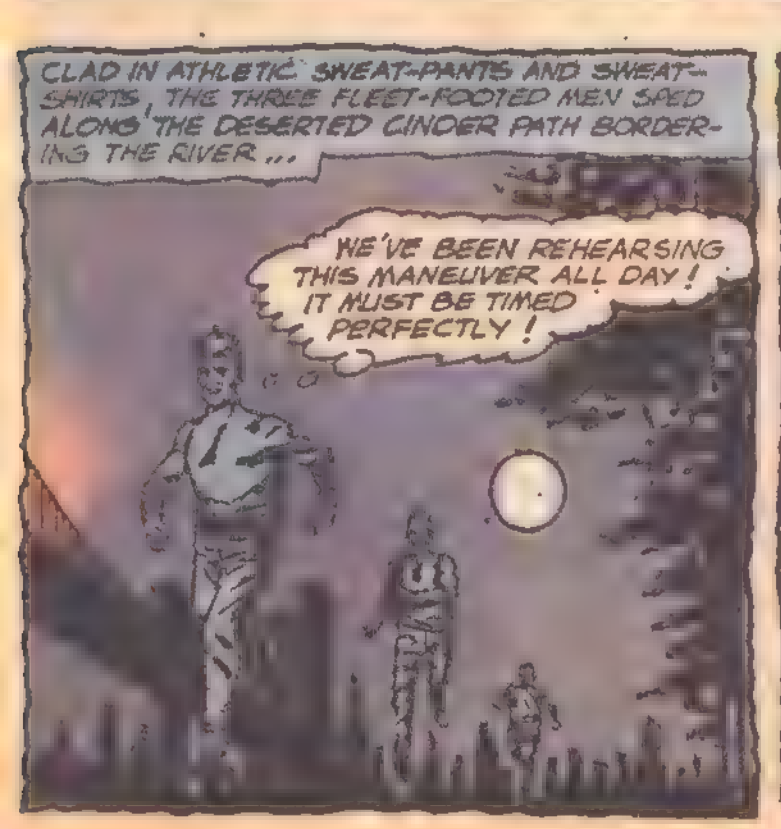

"HIS VOICE WAS EXCITED AS..."
YOU HEARD ABOUT THE MYSTERIOUS ROBBERIES PLAGUING GOTHAM CITY, BATMAN? WELL, I'VE BEEN SHADOWING THREE MEN SINCE EARLY THIS AFTERNOON WHO'VE BEEN ACTING MIGHTY STRANGELY--AND FROM WHAT I'VE DEDUCED--THEY'RE PLANNING TO ROB THE JEWEL MART!
GO ON, RANKIN--

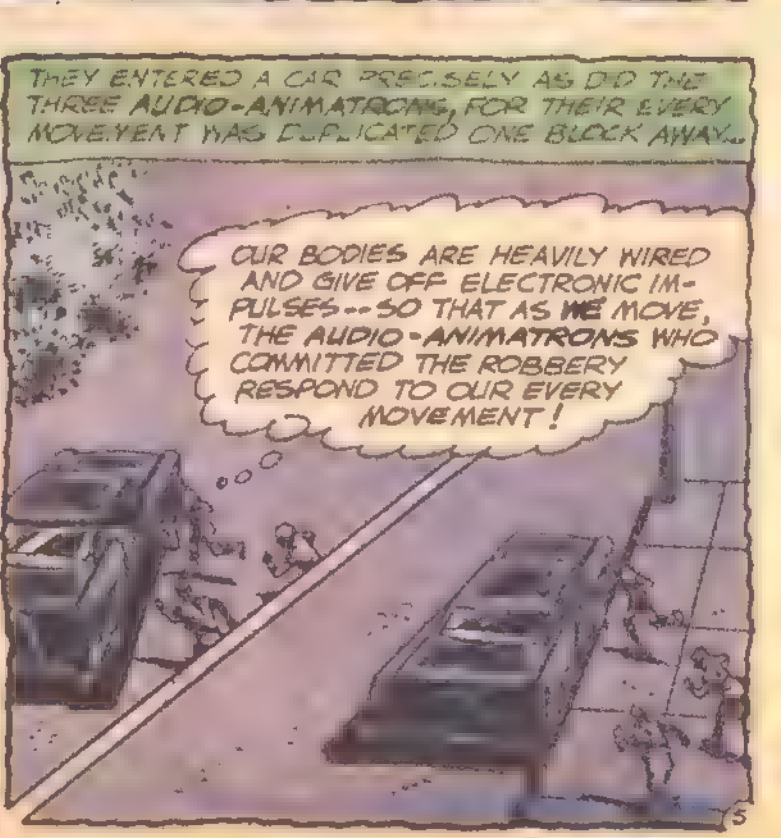
I FIGURE THE ROBBERY WILL TAKE PLACE ANY TIME FROM TONIGHT ON! IT'S YOUR CHANCE TO SOLVE THOSE ROBBERIES--BUT I THOUGHT IT ONLY FAIR TO CALL AND ADVISE YOU THAT I INTEND TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY--AHEAD OF YOU!

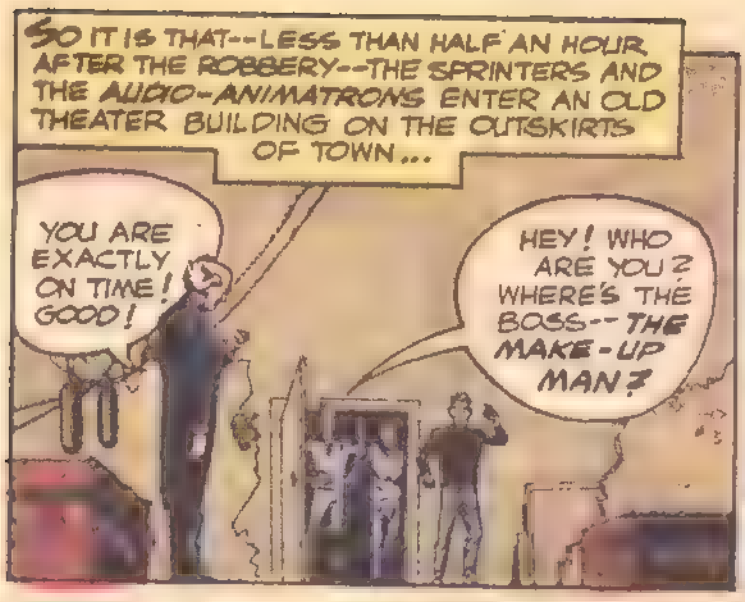

ON THE WAY TO HUGH RANKIN'S APARTMENT...
IF RANKIN IS WORKING ON THIS CASE, WHY DIDN'T HE SHOW UP AT THE JEWEL MART?
THAT'S WHAT I'M GOING TO ASK HIM--WHEN WE TRACK HIM DOWN! ALSO FIND OUT WHAT ELSE HE KNOWS ABOUT THOSE CROOKS--

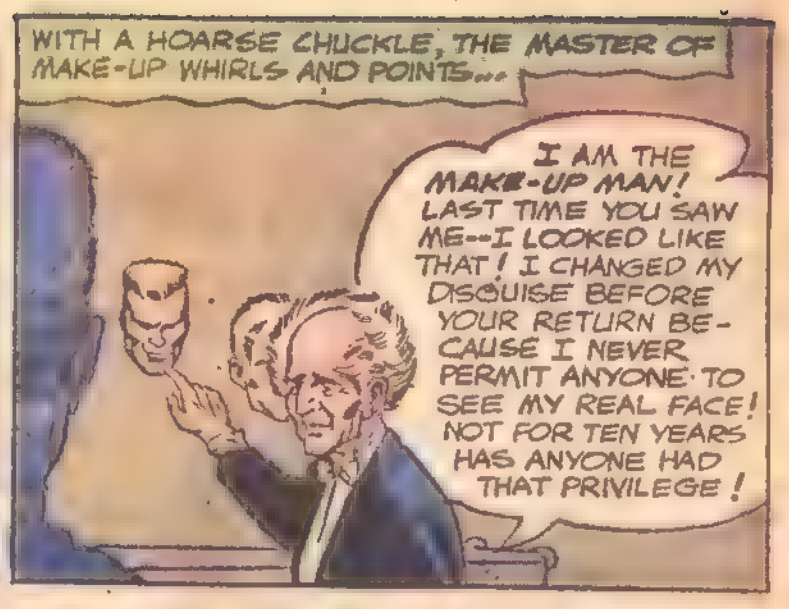

WHEN THEY ARRIVE AT THE PRIVATE DETECTIVE'S COMBINATION APARTMENT-AND-OFFICE...
I'M SORRY, BATMAN! HUGH LEFT HERE ABOUT ONE O'CLOCK--AND HASN'T RETURNED YET!
Hmmm! IS IT POSSIBLE HE WAS AT THE JEWEL MART AFTER ALL--WATCHING THE ACTION FROM A SAFE VANTAGE POINT?

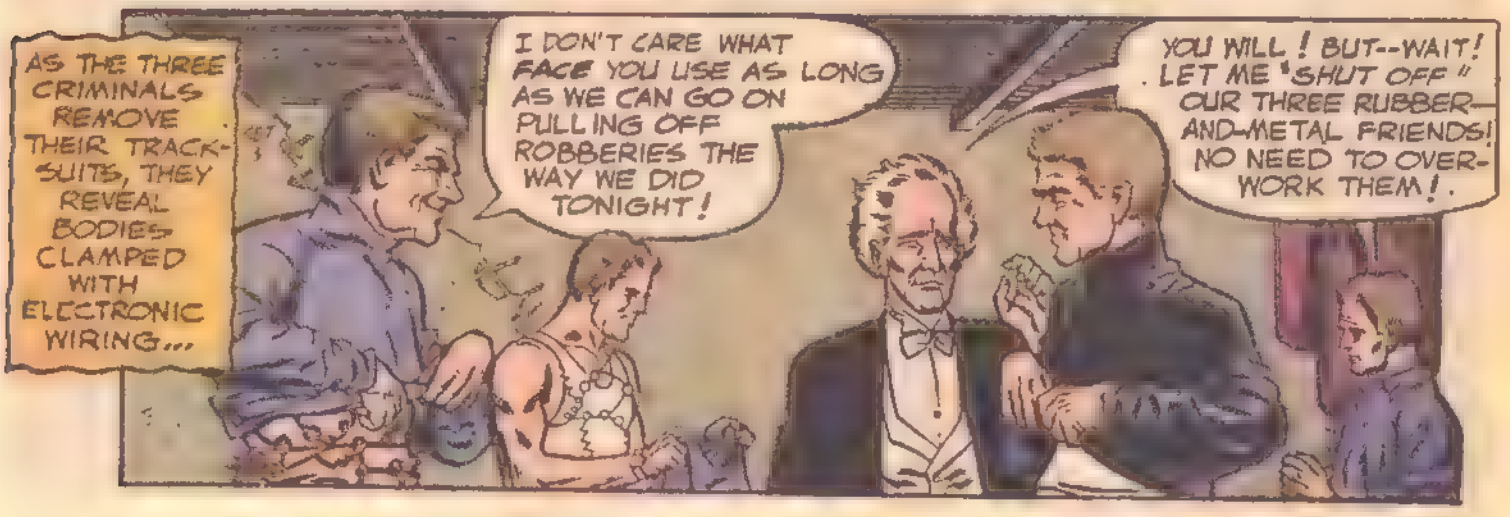
ROBIN HAS HIT THE NAIL SQUARELY ON THE HEAD! FOR DURING THE ROBBERY, HUGH RANKIN WAS A FASCINATED WITNESS AS...
THERE THEY GO! THOSE ARE THE THREE MEN I SPOTTED ACTING SO STRANGELY AROUND HERE EARLIER TODAY--AND SURE ENOUGH, THERE GO THEIR ANIMATED COUNTERPARTS RACING FROM THE JEWEL MART EXACTLY THE SAME WAY!


CLAD IN ATHLETIC SWEAT-PANTS AND SWEAT-SHIRTS, THE THREE FLEET-FOOTED MEN SPED ALONG THE DESERTED CINDER PATH BORDERING THE RIVER...
WE'VE BEEN REHEARSING THIS MANEUVER ALL DAY! IT MUST BE TIMED PERFECTLY!

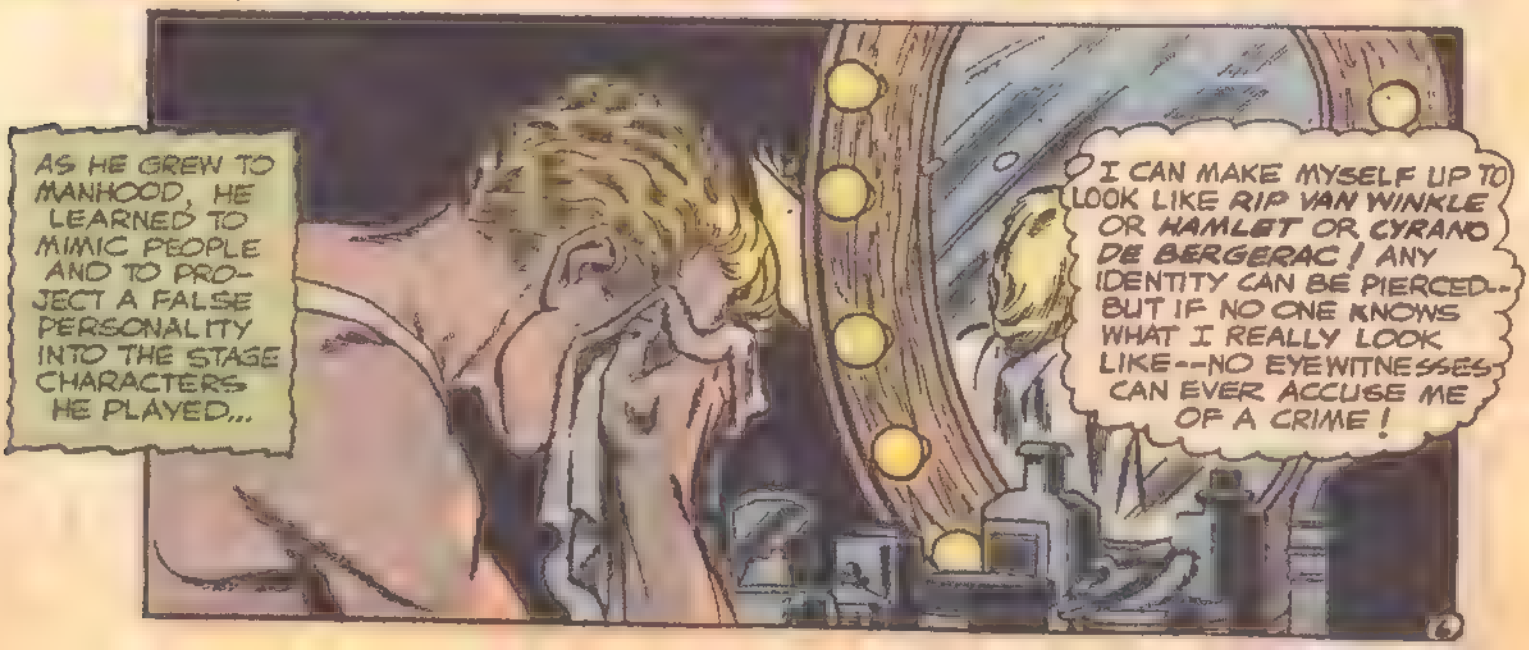

THEY ENTERED A CAR PRECISELY AS DID THE THREE AUDIO-ANIMATRONS, FOR THEIR EVERY MOVEMENT WAS DUPLICATED ONE BLOCK AWAY...
OUR BODIES ARE HEAVILY WIRED AND GIVE OFF ELECTRONIC IMPULSES--SO THAT AS WE MOVE, THE AUDIO-ANIMATRONS WHO COMMITTED THE ROBBERY RESPOND TO OUR EVERY MOVEMENT!


SO IT IS THAT--LESS THAN HALF AN HOUR AFTER THE ROBBERY--THE SPRINTERS AND THE AUDIO-ANIMATRONS ENTER AN OLD THEATER BUILDING ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN...
YOU ARE EXACTLY ON TIME! GOOD!
HEY! WHO ARE YOU? WHERE'S THE BOSS--THE MAKE-UP MAN?


WITH A HOARSE CHUCKLE, THE MASTER OF MAKE-UP WHIRLS AND POINTS...
I AM THE MAKE-UP MAN! LAST TIME YOU SAW ME--I LOOKED LIKE THAT! I CHANGED MY DISGUISE BEFORE YOUR RETURN BECAUSE I NEVER PERMIT ANYONE TO SEE MY REAL FACE! NOT FOR TEN YEARS HAS ANYONE HAD THAT PRIVILEGE!


AS THE THREE CRIMINALS REMOVE THEIR TRACK-SUITS, THEY REVEAL BODIES CLAMPED WITH ELECTRONIC WIRING...
I DON'T CARE WHAT FACE YOU USE AS LONG AS WE CAN GO ON PULLING OFF ROBBERIES THE WAY WE DID TONIGHT!
YOU WILL! BUT--WAIT! LET ME "SHUT OFF" OUR THREE RUBBER-AND-METAL FRIENDS! NO NEED TO OVER-WORK THEM!

AS HE TURNS OFF HIS MOCK-UP MASTERPIECES, THE MAKE-UP MAN LETS HIS MIND GO BACK TO HIS EARLY YEARS--WHEN HE LIVED OUT OF A TRUNK AS THE SON OF THEATRICAL PARENTS...
LONG HOURS! SMALL PAY! THIS ISN'T FOR ME! I'M GOING TO GET RICH--BUT NOT BY KNOCKING MYSELF OUT!

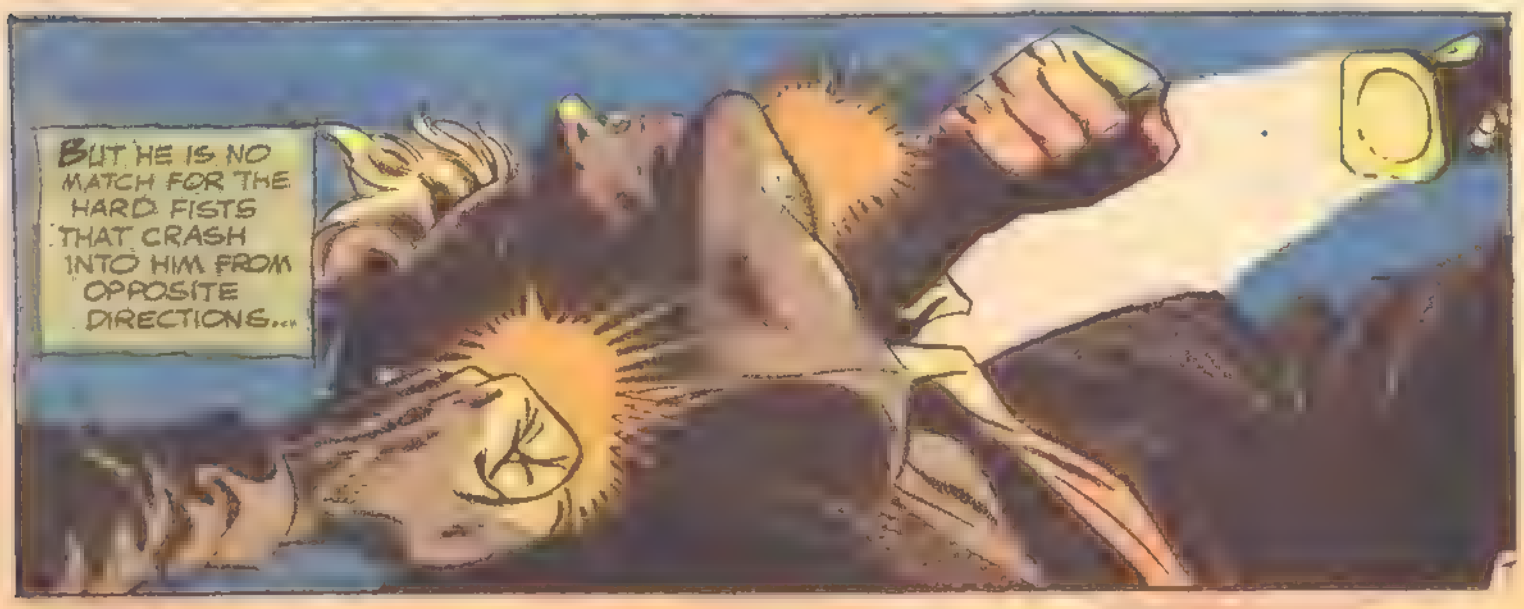

AS HE GREW TO MANHOOD, HE LEARNED TO MIMIC PEOPLE AND TO PROJECT A FALSE PERSONALITY INTO THE STAGE CHARACTERS HE PLAYED...
I CAN MAKE MYSELF UP TO LOOK LIKE RIP VAN WINKLE OR HAMLET OR CYRANO DE BERGERAC! ANY IDENTITY CAN BE PIERCED--BUT IF NO ONE KNOWS WHAT I REALLY LOOK LIKE--NO EYEWITNESSES CAN EVER ACCUSE ME OF A CRIME!

FOR THE MASTER MAKE-UP ARTIST WAS DETERMINED TO GAIN HIS WEALTH -- BY STEALING IT ! NOW AS HE IS READY TO REAP THE REWARDS FOR HIS MISGUIDED ENDEAVORS...
OUR FIRST THREE CRIMES--THAT HAD THE GOTHAM CITY NEWSPAPERS BUZZING--WERE ONLY TUNE-UPS FOR THIS ONE ! AND EACH SUCCEEDING ROBBERY WILL BE BIGGER AND MORE . . . PROFITABLE...

AS HE SPEAKS, A STARTLED LOOK TOUCHES THE FACE OF THE EX-ACTOR...
THOSE FLASHING LIGHTS -- YOU'VE BEEN FOLLOWED HERE ! IT MAY BE THE MAN I AM EXPECTING ! GET OUT THERE AND CAPTURE HIM !

THE TRIO OF ROBBERS RACES THROUGH THE DUSTY HALLS OF THE OLD THEATER, WHERE...
THERE HE IS ! I'LL KEEP HIM IN THE SPOTLIGHT WHILE YOU GRAB HIM !

PRIVATE EYE HIGH RANK'N PUTS UP A SAVAGE BATTLE...
THAT LIGHT BLINDING ME -- GOT TO KEEP SWINGING AWAY...


BUT HE IS NO MATCH FOR THE HARD FISTS THAT CRASH INTO HIM FROM OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS...

LIMP AND BATTERED, HE IS DRAGGED BEFORE THE MASTER MAKE-UP ARTIST...

HERE HE IS AND-- HEY! YOU PULLED ANOTHER SWITCHEROO!

I AM ALWAYS DIFFERENT! IT IS THE KEY TO MY SUCCESS! HA! I SEE WE CAUGHT A *MINNOW* WHEN I WAS EXPECTING THE BIG FISH HIMSELF-- *BATMAN!* I HAD MY THEATER HIDE-OUT BUGGED TO TIP ME OFF WHEN HE WAS COMING!

I'M NOT KIDDING MYSELF--I WON'T FOOL *BATMAN* FOR LONG! HIS GREAT DEDUCTIVE MIND WILL LEAD HIM TO *ME* SOONER OR LATER! BUT I'LL BE READY FOR HIM--WHENEVER HE TRACKS ME DOWN!

A TRIUMPHANT LAUGHTER BURSTS FROM HIS LIPS AS THE EX-ACTOR POINTS...

AND WHEN HE DOES FIND ME, HE'LL FALL INTO SUCH A TREACHEROUS TRAP THAT NOT EVEN THE "*WORLD'S GREATEST DETECTIVE*" WILL REALIZE HE'S CAUGHT--UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE! *HA! HA!*

STORY CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE FOLLOWING!

MORE FOR YOUR MONEY...

ONLY 25¢

...AND BETTER

ON SALE JUNE 16

TRAIL OF THE TALKING MASK! PART 2.

ACROSS THE STREETS OF GOTHAM CITY RACES THE SLEEK AND POWERFUL BATMOBILE IN SEARCH OF CLUE AND QUARRY! AT ITS WHEEL CROUCHES BATMAN--AND PEERING FORWARD SCANNING THE PAVEMENTS FOR CLUES--IS ROBIN, DESPERATELY STARING...

THERE'S THE JEWEL MART NOW!

HUGH RANKIN MUST HAVE USED THIS FOR HIS STARTING POINT, JUST AS WE DID! IF ONLY WE CAN FIND SOME SORT OF CLUE LEADING TO HIM!

IF HUGH RANKIN DID WHAT I HOPE HE DID--PAINTED THE TIRES OF THE GETAWAY CAR USED BY THE LIVING THIEVES WHO WERE CONTROLLING THE MOVEMENTS OF THE AUDIO-ANIMATED FIGURES--HE'LL HAVE DUPLICATED WHAT ALFRED ONCE DID TO GUIDE US! *

* Editor's Note: SEE DETECTIVE COMICS #328 "GOTHAM GANG LINE-UP!"

ROBIN PUNCHES OUT THE SMALL, PORTABLE CRIME-LABORATORY THAT IS PART OF THE BATMOBILE EQUIPMENT--LIFTING VARIOUS LENSES...

THESE LENSES ARE MADE OF VARIED MATERIALS--TO SHOW UP THE MANY CHEMICAL SUBSTANCES OTHERWISE INVISIBLE TO THE HUMAN EYE!

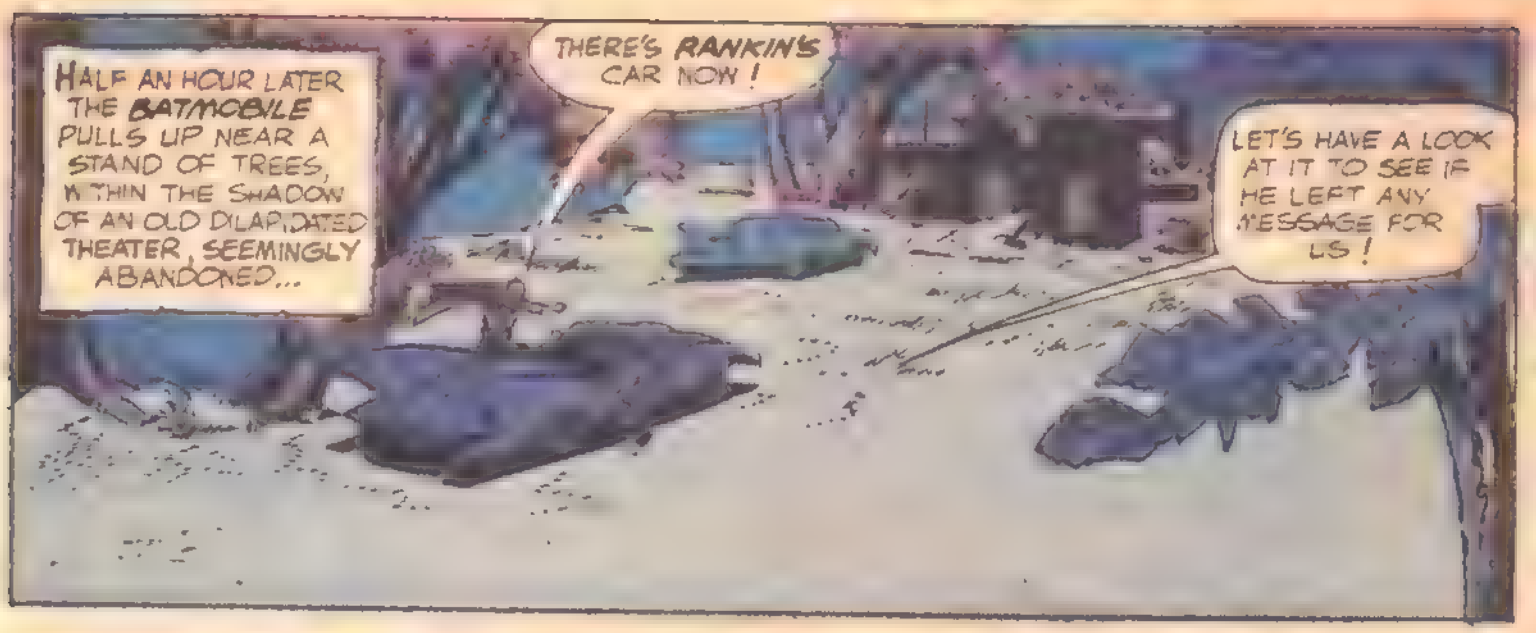
CRUISING SLOWLY ABOUT THE JEWEL MART NEIGHBORHOOD, THE CRIME-FIGHTERS PUT LENSES OF QUARTZ, TINTED AND INFRA-RED GLASS TO THEIR EYES...

THE LIVING MEN WOULD HAVE TO BE A BLOCK OR TWO AWAY WHEN THEY WERE RUNNING--SO AS NOT TO BE SEEN BY US! I'LL CIRCLE THE BLOCK SLOWLY!

NOTHING SEEMS TO WORK. MAYBE HUGH RANKIN DIDN'T PAINT THE CROOKS' TIRES AFTER ALL. JUST ONE LENS LEFT--A POLAROID ONE!

THEN--AS THE TEEN-AGE THUNDERBOLT FITS THE LENS TO HIS EYE HE CRIES OUT IN EXCITEMENT...

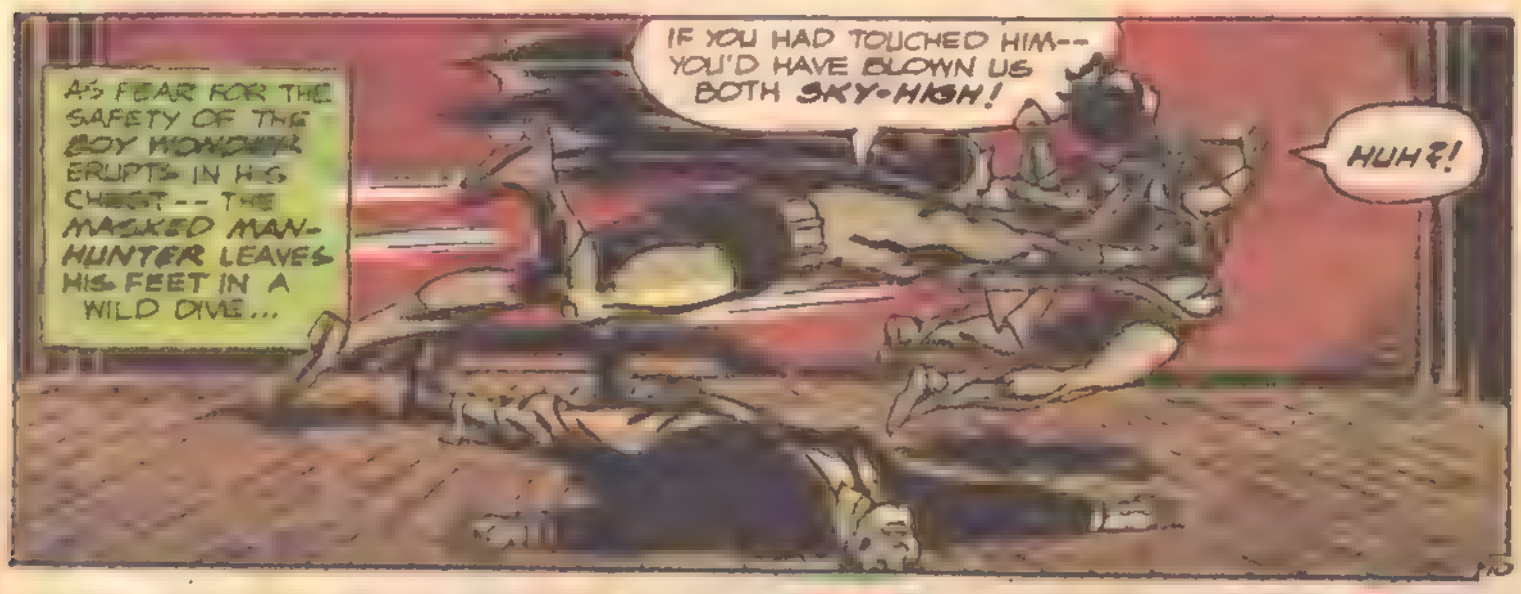
I SEE THEM, BATMAN! TIRE MARKS, ALL RIGHT--COATED WITH A SUBSTANCE THAT MAKES THEM VISIBLE THROUGH THE POLAROID GLASS! I'LL GUIDE YOU--SO STEP ON IT!

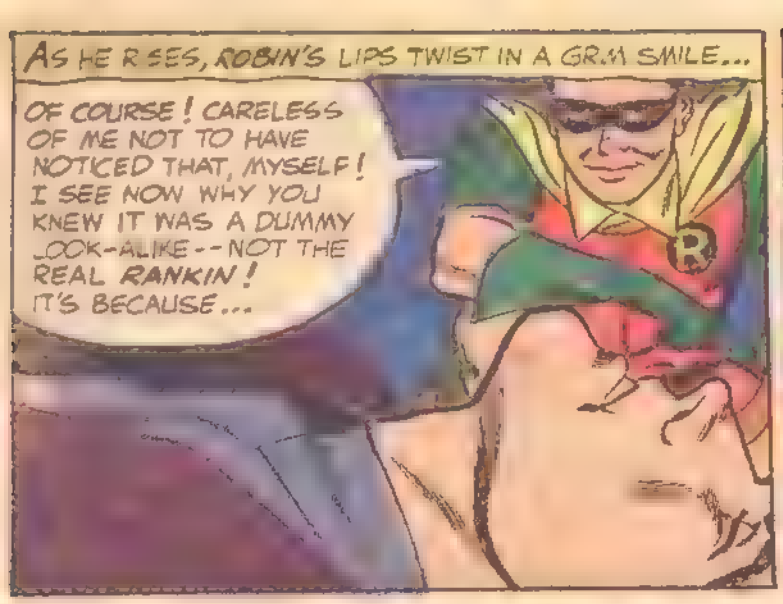

HALF AN HOUR LATER THE BATMOBILE PULLS UP NEAR A STAND OF TREES, WITHIN THE SHADOW OF AN OLD DILAPIDATED THEATER, SEEMINGLY ABANDONED...
THERE'S RANKIN'S CAR NOW!
LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT IT TO SEE IF HE LEFT ANY MESSAGE FOR US!

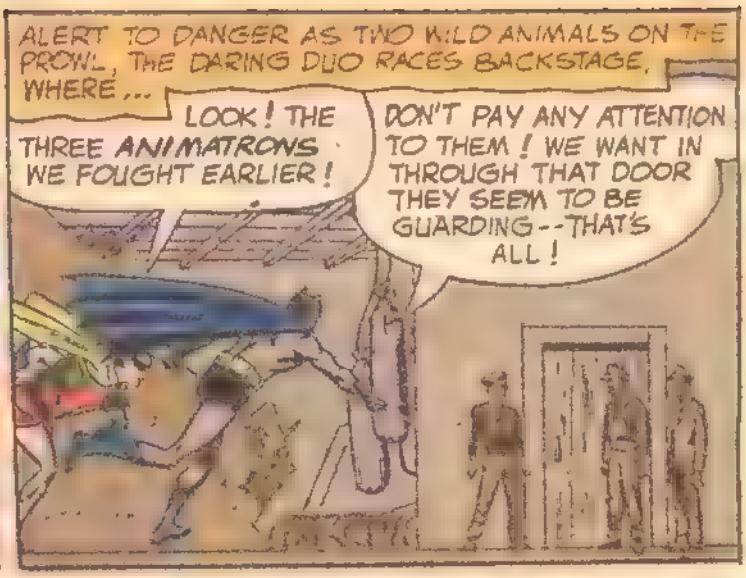
KEEN EYES SCAN THE CAR INTERIOR...
NO NOTE, NO RANKIN! BUT HE MUST STILL BE AROUND!
THE ONLY PLACE HE CAN BE IS IN THAT DESERTED OLD THEATER!

FRAMED AGAINST THE NIGHT
LURES THE CRIME CRUSADERS AS A MAGNET
UP AHEAD-- A LIGHT!

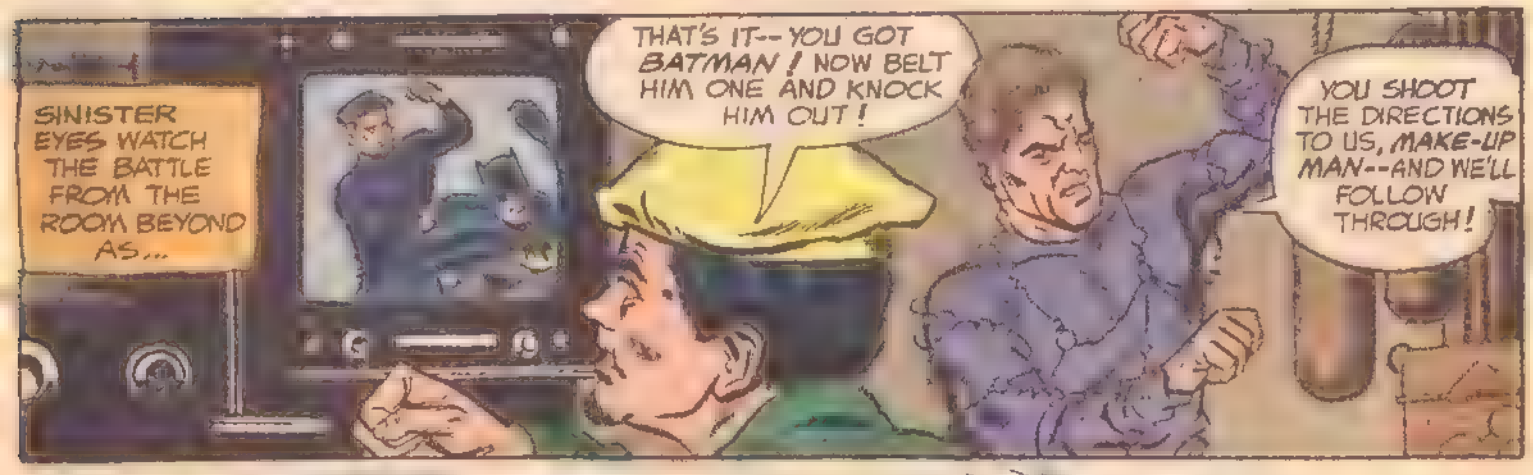
THEY RACE ACROSS CREAKING BOARDS AND PAST BROKEN CHAIRS TO THE DIMLY ILLUMINED STAGE, WHERE...
RANKIN--HE'S BEEN KNOCKED OUT! I'LL SEE IF HE'S ALL RIGHT...
NO, ROBIN! STOP!

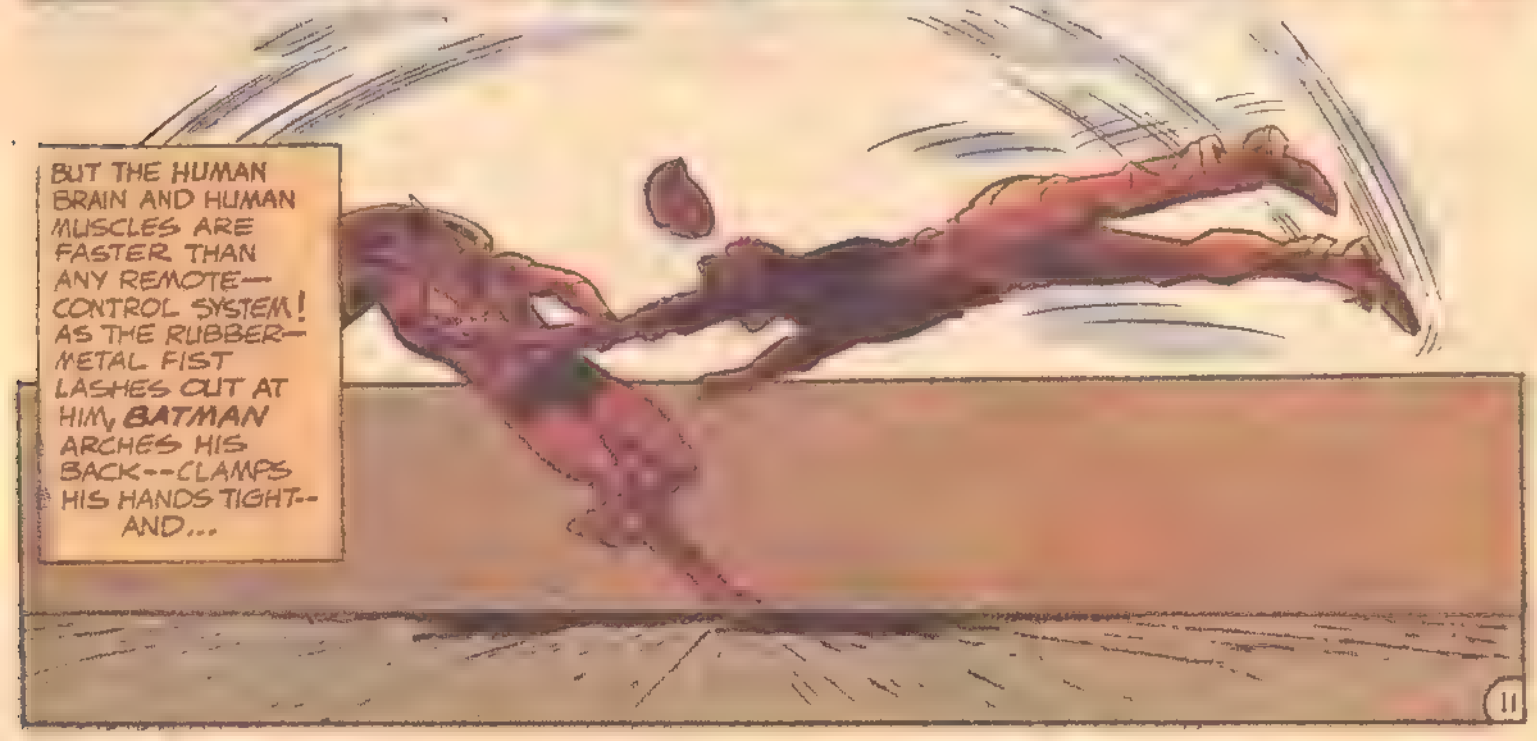

AS FEAR FOR THE SAFETY OF THE BOY WONDER ERUPTS IN HIS CHEST -- THE MASKED MAN-HUNTER LEAVES HIS FEET IN A WILD DIVE...
IF YOU HAD TOUCHED HIM-- YOU'D HAVE BLOWN US BOTH SKY-HIGH!
HUH?!

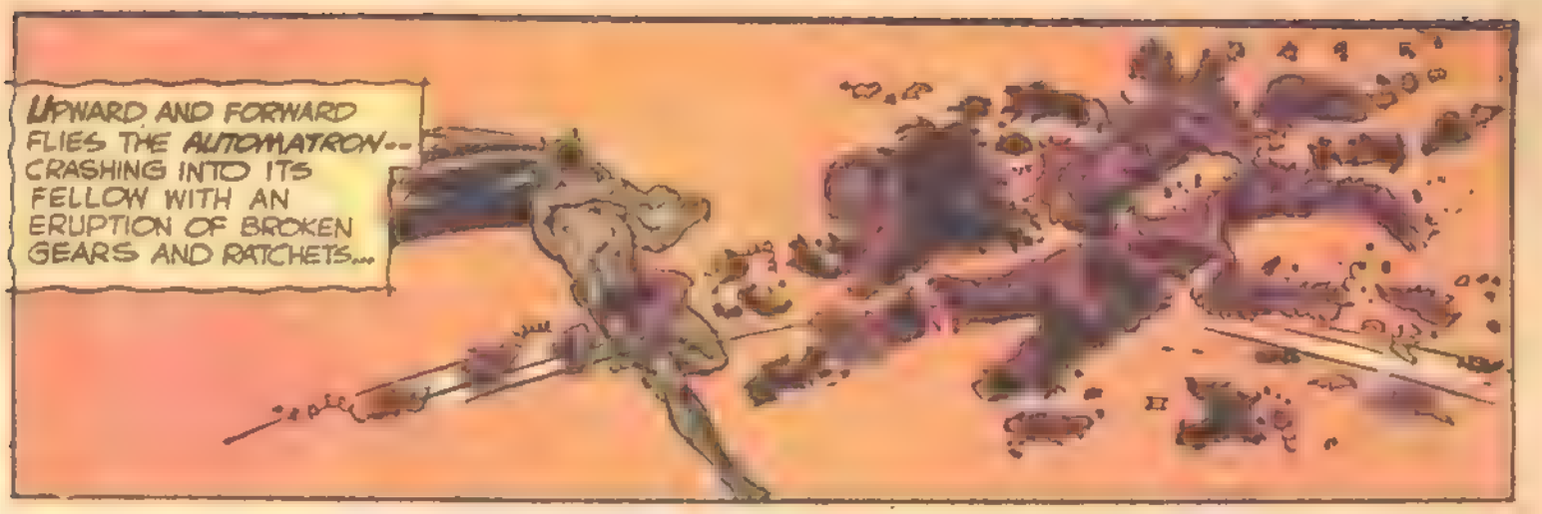

AS HE RISES, ROBIN'S LIPS TWIST IN A GRIM SMILE...
OF COURSE! CARELESS OF ME NOT TO HAVE NOTICED THAT, MYSELF! I SEE NOW WHY YOU KNEW IT WAS A DUMMY LOOK-ALIKE--NOT THE REAL RANKIN! IT'S BECAUSE...

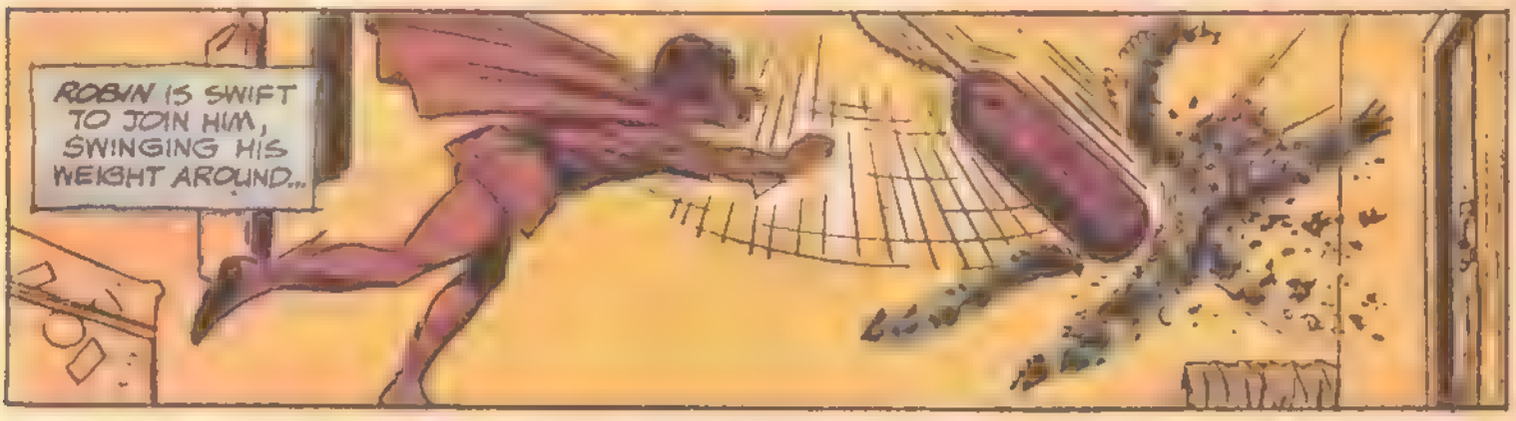

ALERT TO DANGER AS TWO WILD ANIMALS ON THE PROWL, THE DARING DUO RACES BACKSTAGE, WHERE...
LOOK! THE THREE ANIMATRONS WE FOUGHT EARLIER!
DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO THEM! WE WANT IN THROUGH THAT DOOR THEY SEEM TO BE GUARDING--THAT'S ALL!

THEY DASH IN--BUT THE METAL AND-RUBBER FIGURES SUDDENLY COME ALIVE AND
UHH! HE'S STRONG AS A COUPLE OF OXEN!


SINISTER EYES WATCH THE BATTLE FROM THE ROOM BEYOND AS...
THAT'S IT--YOU GOT BATMAN! NOW BELT HIM ONE AND KNOCK HIM OUT!
YOU SHOOT THE DIRECTIONS TO US, MAKE-UP MAN--AND WE'LL FOLLOW THROUGH!


BUT THE HUMAN BRAIN AND HUMAN MUSCLES ARE FASTER THAN ANY REMOTE-CONTROL SYSTEM! AS THE RUBBER-METAL FIST LASHES OUT AT HIM, BATMAN ARCHES HIS BACK--CLAMPS HIS HANDS TIGHT--AND...


UPWARD AND FORWARD FLIES THE AUTOMATRON-- CRASHING INTO ITS FELLOW WITH AN ERUPTION OF BROKEN GEARS AND RATCHETS...


ROBIN IS SWIFT TO JOIN HIM, SWINGING HIS WEIGHT AROUND...

THEN THEY EXPLODE LIKE TWIN DYNAMITE CAPS THROUGH THE DOORWAY AND INTO THE NEXT ROOM...
GUN 'EM DOWN!

EVEN AS FINGERS TIGHTEN ON TRIGGERS--THE MASKED MAN-HUNTER AND BOY WONDER LEAVE THEIR FEET IN BASE-BALL SLIDES...
POW!
POW!
POW!

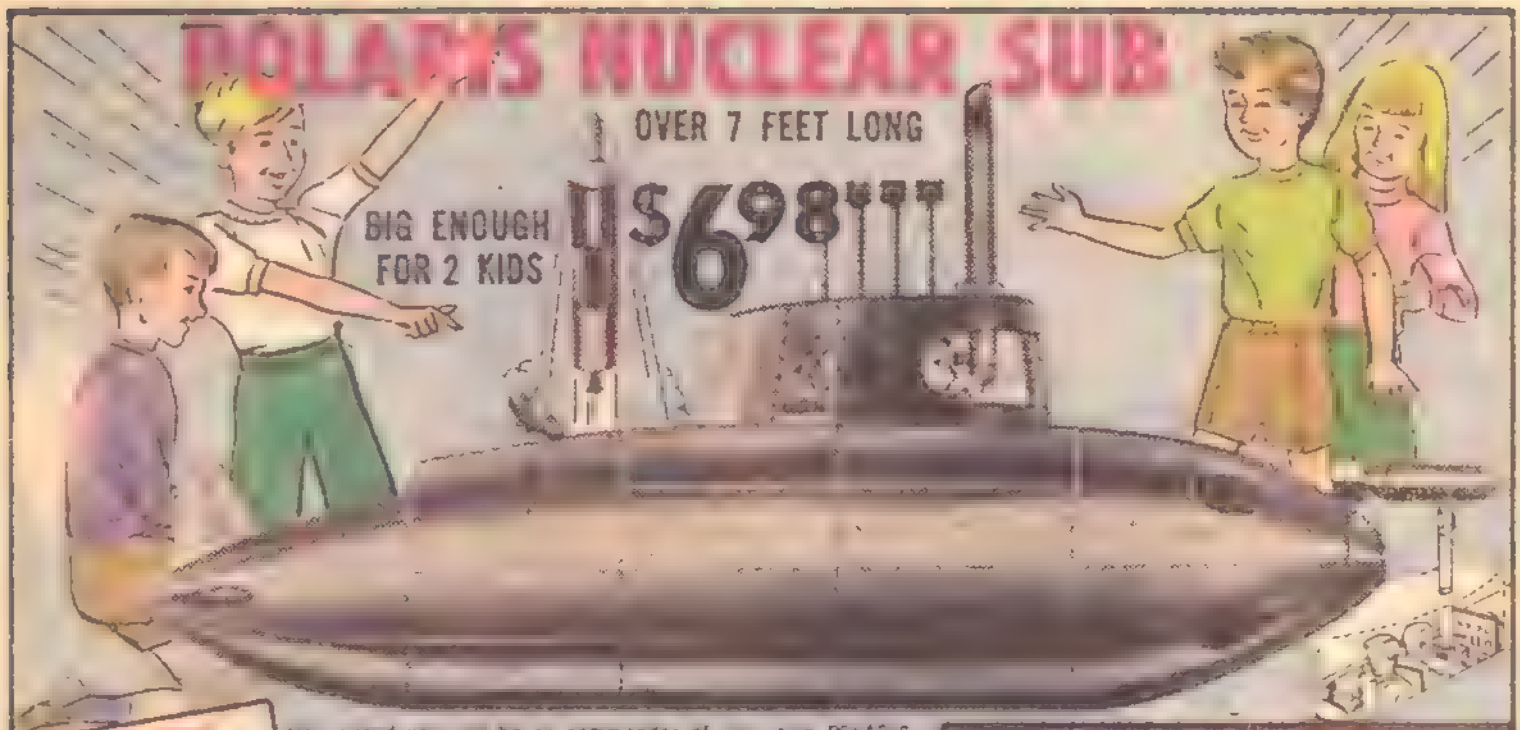
AGILE FEET STAB OUT! ARTFUL ANKLES GRIP AND TRIP!...
OVER YOU GO!

POLARIS NUCLEAR SUB

OVER 7 FEET LONG

BIG ENOUGH FOR 2 KIDS

$6.98



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HOURS AND HOURS OF ADVENTURE

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Rush me my POLARIS SUB. I can use it for 10 days and if I am not delighted return it for my full purchase price refund.

——SEND IT PREPAID. I enclose $5.98 plus 75c to help cover shipping charges.

——SEND IT C.O.D. I enclose $1 good will deposit and I will pay postman $5.98 on delivery plus C.O.D. postage.

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Just imagine your friends shock when they walk into your room and see the "Monster" reaching out—bigger than life-Frankenstein, the original man-made monster, that creation of evil genius that terrorized the world. A giant 7 feet tall, his eyes glow eerily as his hand reaches out—as awful and sinister as the wildest nightmare. Yes—Frankenstein is 7 feet tall, in authentic colors on durable polyethelene, and so lifelike you'll probably find yourself talking to him. Won't you be surprised if he answers? Comes complete with eyes that glow even in the pitch dark for a special thrilling chill.

Boney the Skeleton. And then there is Boney—stark scary with nothing left but his bare bones. A 7 foot monster out of the grave—his bones white, his eyes staring—even glowing in the dark.

Money Back Guarantee.

Just send $1.00 plus 25c to cover postage and handling for each monster you want. Your money back if not satisfactorily horrified.

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I enclose $1 plus 25c for postage and handling for each. If I don't get shivers of delight, I can return my purchase within 10 days and you will refund the full purchase price.

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THE BATTLING PARTNERS ARE UP AND FIGHTING ALMOST INSTANTLY...

IN THE ADJOINING ROOM, THE MAKE-UP MAN LEAPS TOWARD A SPECIAL MACHINE, PULLING DOWN ITS LEVER...

BATMAN'S GONE FAR ENOUGH! HERE'S WHERE I PULL MY SPECIAL TRICK! THIS MACHINE WILL SEND OUT ELECTRONIC IMPULSES--THAT WILL ACTIVATE MY SURPRISE WEAPON--AND CAUSE IT TO SPEAK SECONDS BEFORE IT BLASTS BATMAN AND ROBIN OUT OF THIS WORLD!

THE COWLED CRUSADER SWINGS OUT WITH A TERRIFIC PUNCH--AND AS HE DOES SO, IN RESPONSE TO THE MACHINE IN THE NEXT ROOM...

THAT'S THE LAST OF THEM, ROBIN! NOW TO FIND OUT WHO'S THE RINGLEADER OF THIS GANG!

I'LL TELL YOU WHO THE HEAD MAN IS, BATMAN--ME!!

THE BOY WONDER REACTS WITH INSTINCTIVE SWIFTNESS...

LOOK--OUT!

NEXT MOMENT, THE MASK ERUPTS WITH A SHOWER OF LETHAL FLAK THAT SCATTERS ACROSS THE ROOM LIKE BUCKSHOT!...

POW!

IF THAT HAD HIT ME--

--DON'T SAY IT!

SCARCELY HAVE THE METAL PIECES OF THE MASK FALLEN TO THE FLOOR THAN THE TERRIFIC TWOSOME IS OUT OF ONE ROOM AND INTO ANOTHER, WHERE...

HUGH RANKIN!

BATMAN! ROBIN! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU--ALIVE! I WAS AFRAID THE DUMMY-TRAP OF ME THE MAKE-UP MAN LAID FOR YOU HAD FINISHED YOU!

BATMAN TUMBLED TO THE FACT THAT IT WAS A DUMMY RIGGED WITH A BOMB--WHEN HE SAW NO BEARD STUBBLE ON ITS FACE! IT WAS SMOOTH-SHAVEN!

YOU'D BEEN WORKING SINCE ONE O'CLOCK TODAY ON THIS CASE-- SO I FIGURED YOU HADN'T HAD A CHANCE TO SHAVE! WHERE IS THIS MAKE-UP MAN, BY THE WAY?

HE GOT AWAY AS SOON AS HE FIRED THAT EXPLODING MASK AT YOU! NO CHANCE CATCHING UP TO HIM NOW...

AS THEY WALK THROUGH THE THEATER, BATMAN DEMONSTRATES WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED HAD ROBIN TOUCHED THE RIGGED DUMMY...

JUST A SLIGHT THING LIKE A COIN--OR THE TOUCH OF YOUR HAND WOULD HAVE CAUSED--

--THAT!

THEN AS BATMAN, ROBIN AND THE PRIVATE DETECTIVE LEAVE THE OLD THEATER...

I'LL CALL THE POLICE FROM THE BATMOBILE TO PICK UP THE THREE CROOKS I'VE SECURELY LEFT BACK IN THE THEATER!

I'LL DRIVE ON HOME! I'M BUSHED...

TO THE STUNNED AMAZEMENT OF THE CRIME CRUSADERS, THEY SEE HUGH RANKIN TUG AT THE DOOR OF HIS CAR...

GOOD GOSH! THAT ISN'T HUGH RANKIN EITHER!

INSTANTLY, THE GREAT CRIME-FIGHTERS BOLT AT THEIR TARGET!...

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN DETECTIVE COMICS #335; JANUARY, 1965

NEXT ISSUE ON SALE ON OR ABOUT JULY 22nd

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PUBLICATIONS INC.

Dear Fans:

Let's stop and rap a moment ... we owe you an explanation!

First, we would like to thank you for buying this DC magazine even though it has cost you more than usual. But the fact that you bought it is what turns us on.

In keeping with our policy through the years of telling it like it is, we are going to level with you now.

As you must know, the cost of producing our comics these past few years has skyrocketed beyond belief. Nevertheless, we have continued to hold the same price. And since DC has been and is the symbol of only the very best, we could not and would not sacrifice quality for the sake of economy.

Of course, you know only too well that the cost of every item in your daily existence has been spiraling up, up and ever upward. But we here at DC were determined not to lay the extra cost of production on our readers until the moment that we absolutely had to. That moment has now come, and we must capitulate to the terrible tyrant - inflation.

You will notice that we have given you with this magazine more pages for your hard-earned bread - not just ordinary pages, but specially selected stories that we were planning for a special time ... and that time is now!

We are confident that you will appreciate the facts given straight, and we, in turn, promise that we will never let you down.

Yours for the best in reading entertainment,

Carmine Infantino
Editorial Director

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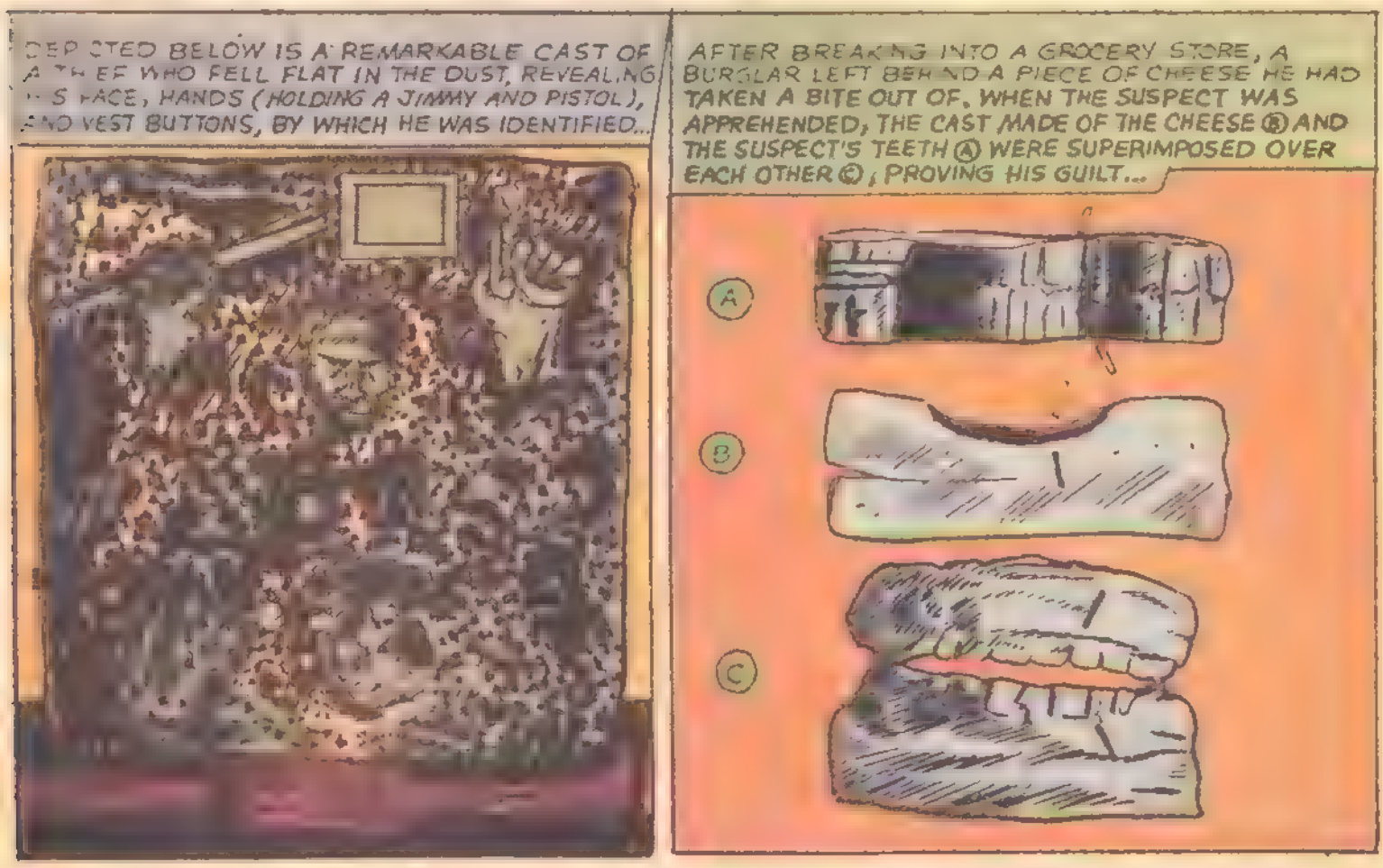

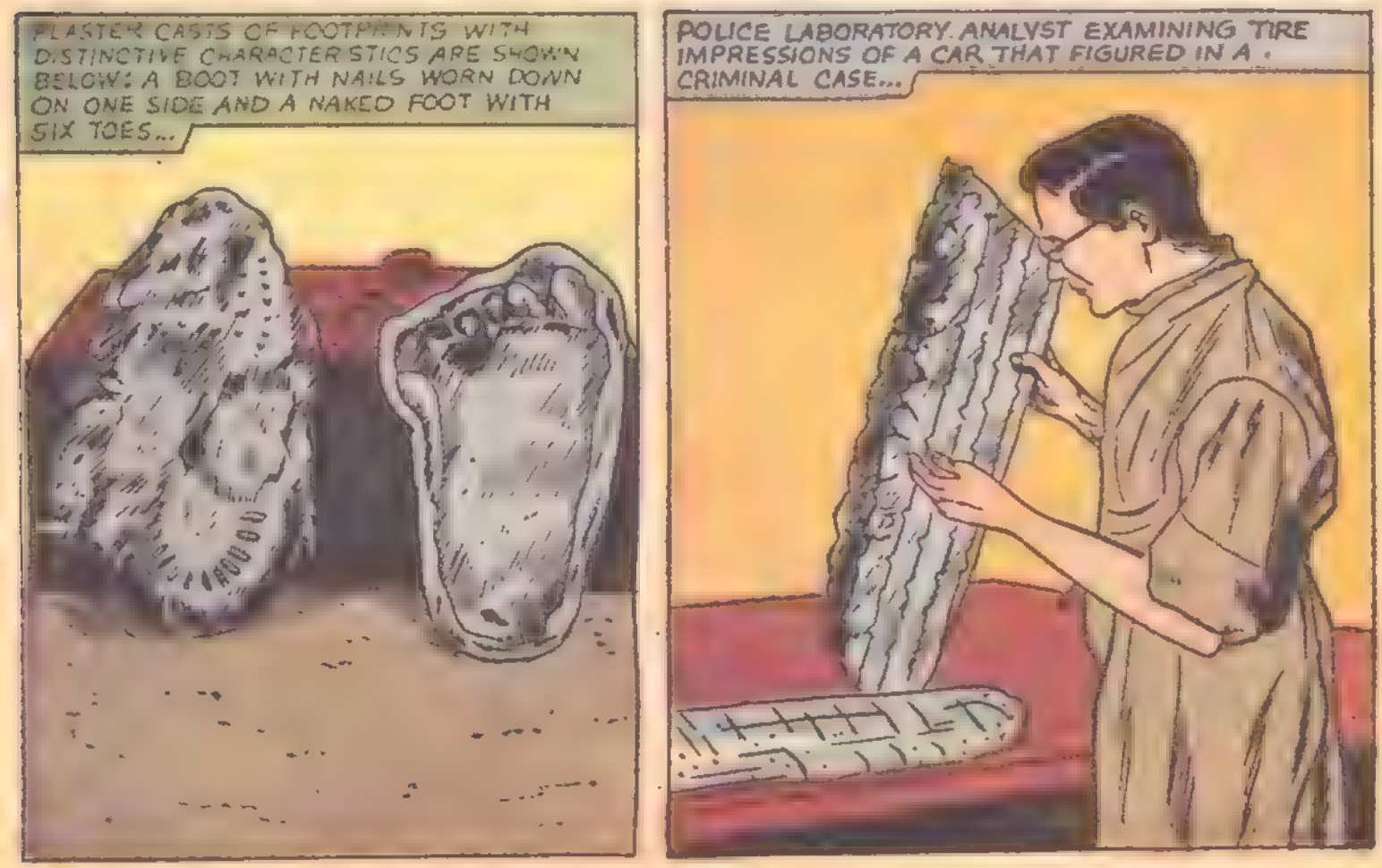

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